

The DIARY *of* a BIRTHDAY DOLL

by Ethel C. Dow



Florence England M. S. Worthy

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THE DIARY OF A
BIRTHDAY DOLL



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And in a second, from ribs to knees, I was covered with icy water

THE DIARY OF A BIRTHDAY DOLL

BY
ETHEL C. DOW

COLOR PLATES BY
FLORENCE ENGLAND NOSWORTHY

PEN DRAWINGS BY
LOUISE CLARK SMITH

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The Diary of a Birthday Doll

CHAPTER I

MONDAY—MY FIRST BATH

It's Monday night, and I suppose it must be about half-past eight o'clock, for just half an hour ago I heard Grandma Ellis call up into the nursery, where Mamma Lucy was busy kissing Maud and Gladys:

"Finish saying good-night to your dolls, and then nurse will put you to bed. You know it's your bed-time, dear."

Maud and Gladys told me only to-day that Mamma Lucy's bed-time is always eight o'clock, excepting on her birthday, when Grandma Ellis gives her another hour as an extra birthday present, and poor Mamma Lu is always so sleepy that she can only use half of it.

Mamma Lucy must be in bed now, and Maud and Gladys are fast asleep, for their heads are bent back the least little bit—they were made that way. I hardly believe that I would like to be a sleeping doll—it must be so very unpleasant to have to go to sleep whether you're sleepy or not. It would make me quite dizzy, I know, to be clicked out of a conversation, and

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then suddenly clicked into a conversation without any warning, sometimes twelve or twenty times in one hour, and so much sleep must make a doll stupid; though I wouldn't say a word against Maud and Gladys, who have been very kind and polite to me. Besides, I must not forget that I would have been a sleeping doll myself, if it hadn't been for the accident that happened to me when I wasn't quite complete—and, most likely, I'd be much happier now if I were what I was intended to be. Indeed, I'm not at all happy—though no one could tell it from my face—for one of the first duties that a doll has to learn, before she goes out into the world, is to keep the same calm, quiet expression through all sorrows and all joys.

Everything is very quiet and dark now. I wonder if Mamma Lu is dreaming. I wonder if she's dreaming of me. Silly child that I am. Of course she isn't. Didn't she say that she didn't like me, the very first minute that she saw me? Haven't I been here for two whole days and three long dark nights—and has she given me so much as a good-night kiss? If she's dreaming of any one, she's dreaming of Gladys and Maud. Oh! Gladys and Maud, how lucky you are! I wonder if you appreciate your good fortune! But I'm not the least bit jealous. I'm not! I'm not! It's horrid

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to be jealous—only—only—I wish Mamma Lu would love me too.

If I were a little girl, made of flesh and blood, and feeling as sad as I do now, I'd be crying out loud this very second; but I'm only a bisque doll, made of hard plaster, and there's not a single drop of water in me to spare for one little tear. Anyhow, it would be quite impossible for a real live little girl to have my troubles, because there's not a single child in this wide world that isn't loved and hugged by its mother, while my mamma—my mamma—oh! I hate to say it, but really and truly (and Maud and Gladys think so, too), Mamma Lu is not so sweet and kind to me as she might be.

It certainly is dark and quiet here in the nursery. I have nothing to do but just to lie flat on my back and stare up at the ceiling—and think, and think, and think. I wonder if it could be possible for Teddy Bear to get wild in the night time, and break out of the little trunk that Mamma Lucy has locked him in. Oh dear! I wish I had thought of that—I'm really getting frightened. Wouldn't it be just dreadful? I wish I could wake Maud and Gladys—I'm awfully scared, lying here in the dark. He might catch me by the hair, and scratch me with his claws.

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Oh! Oh! Oh! but he's too much of a gentleman to be so rude—I'm sure he is. Teddy! Teddy! Aren't you too much of a gentleman to scratch me? Teddy! Teddy! I'll just ask him, to make sure! Teddy! Teddy! He won't answer me—and I'm so much interested in him. Mamma Lu isn't kind to him either—poor Teddy. Teddy! Teddy! Teddy Bear! No, he won't answer. Gladys and Maud told me to-day that he never would speak—but if he knew how miserable I am, I'm sure he'd——Teddy! Teddy! No, he won't answer—and I've just got to lie here lonely, and think, and think.

I wonder how I'd be feeling now if I hadn't had that accident before I was complete. It certainly was careless of that girl over at the factory to give me one blue eye and one brown eye instead of a pair of the same color. How all the girls working with her laughed when they saw me! That was my first embarrassment—I get hot all over whenever I think of it. I was supposed to have eyes that would open and close, but by the time she had corrected her mistake, and fixed me with a decent pair of blue ones, she had poured so much mucilage into my head that my eyes were stuck in tight forever. I was rather confused at the time, and didn't quite know what was happening; it was only a

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long time after, lying in the darkness of a narrow cardboard box in the toy store, thinking, thinking, and waiting to be sold—that I understood. The girl had changed my character completely. Instead of an “aristocratic” sleeper, I had become an ordinary “wide-awaker”—not that I mind it in the least—and I’m sure that a “sleeper” cannot be nearly so clever as a “wide-awaker;” but when I’m lying here all alone in the dark, I sometimes think that it would be sweet to close my eyes for a second, just to forget that I am a mistake, and that my Mamma Lu does not love me. And she would love me if I were a “sleeper;” she as much as said so when she first saw me.

It was last Saturday, wasn’t it, that Mamma Lucy’s Uncle Harry bought me and took me away from the store? He’s my Great Uncle Harry Ellis, of course—though I didn’t know the relationship, nor his name, then. I was glad to get away, even though I had had quite pleasant times there, because I’m always anxious for something new. I could always hear what was said, and, oh! the funny remarks that I did hear! I’ll have enough to do, for the rest of my life, just remembering the odd things that happened in that store! It was about half-past seven o’clock in the evening when I heard Uncle Harry’s voice, saying: “I’d like a doll, please.”

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“Yes, sir! Blue eyes or brown eyes? Which style would you like me to show you?”

“Oh, any doll will do. Blue eyes, I guess. You needn’t bother about showing it to me, I don’t intend to nurse it myself. Just wrap it up for me and that will do. All dolls look alike to me.”

I heard a laugh, and the storekeeper’s answer: “The young ladies manage to find quite a difference, sir!” and just as I was wondering who would be chosen, I was whisked, box and all, off my shelf and Uncle Harry was carrying me, head downwards, at a quick trot, in the cold night air, away to my new home.

I was quite dizzy at the end of a few minutes, and nearly fainted before the walk was over. How strange it is that people cannot understand that carrying a doll upside down upsets her stomach dreadfully. Now Uncle Harry, Maud and Gladys told me, is supposed to be very clever, and is even going to be a doctor next June; yet, for over ten minutes, he persisted in swinging me by the feet. A nice doctor he’ll make! But I’m not angry at Uncle Harry. He’s only one of those dozens and dozens that think a doll has no feelings. No feelings? Ha, ha! Oh, Mamma Lu! maybe you think I had no feelings last Saturday night, when you clapped your hands with delight at Uncle Harry’s jolly

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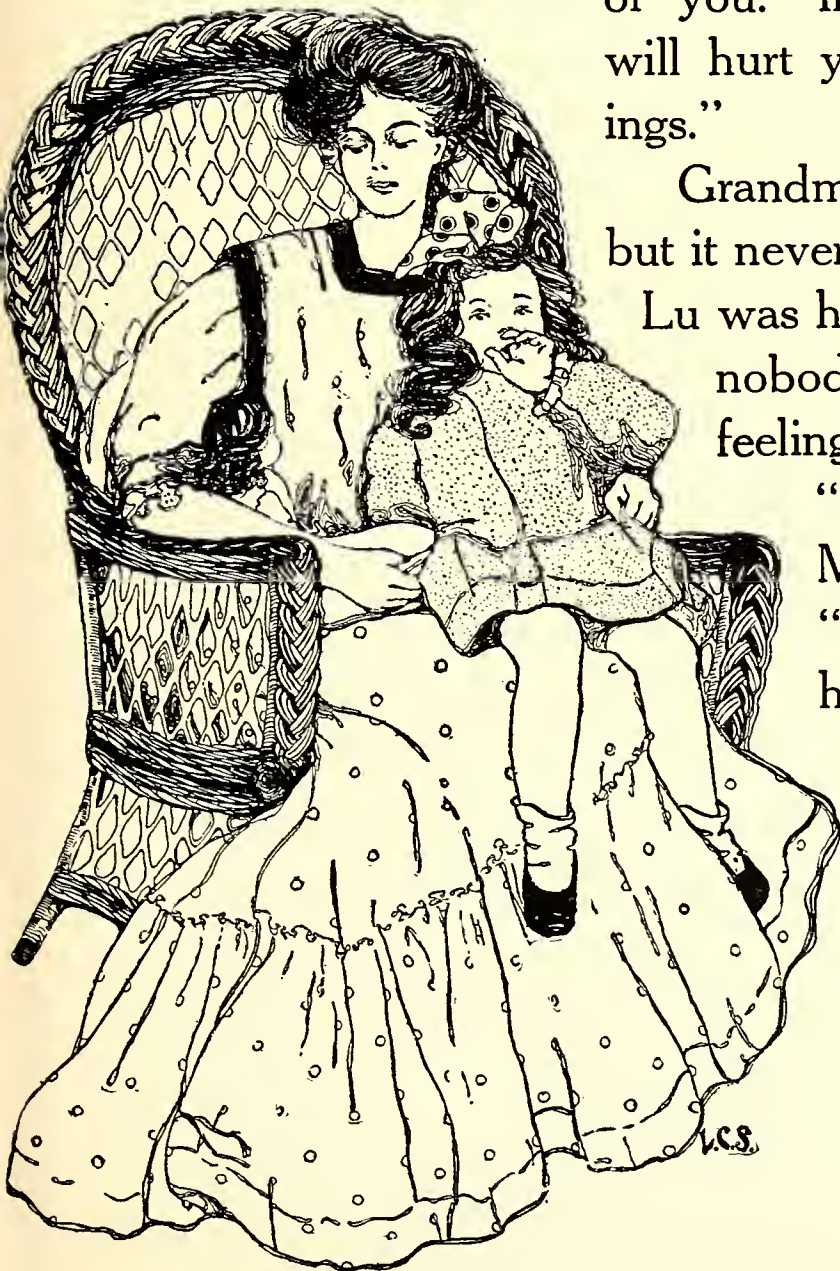
news, "I've brought a doll for you, Lucy," and then sobbed as soon as you had seen me: "Oh—oh—oh—I don't like her! Look what funny eyes she's got! And she can't close them! I don't want a doll that's not a 'sleeper,' Uncle Harry, and oh! she's not a bit pretty." I have no feelings? I have no feelings? If you had only known how I felt! Lucy's mamma (my Grandma Ellis) said, sharply, "'Sh! Lucy, that isn't nice

of you. If you talk like that you will hurt your Uncle Harry's feelings."

Grandma Ellis is very sweet, but it never struck her that Mamma Lu was hurting my feelings. Oh! nobody ever thinks of a doll's feelings!

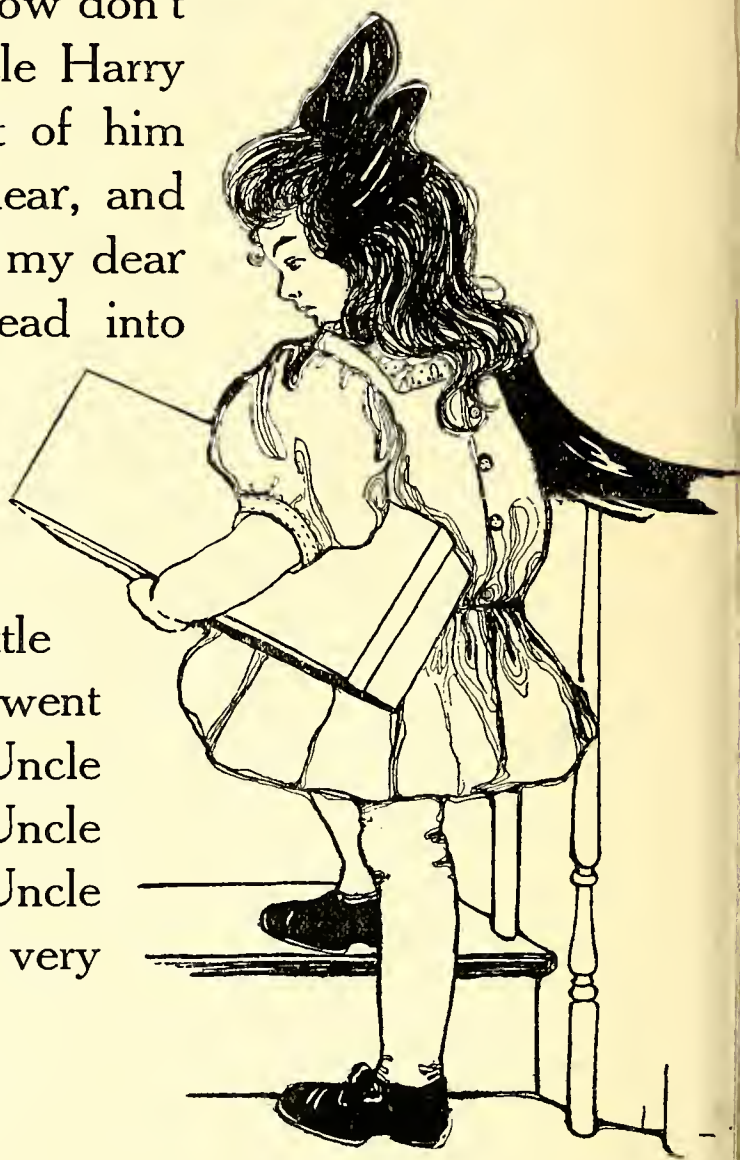
"And she has no clothes," Mamma Lucy screamed. "I don't want a dolly that has no clothes!"

"That's right," said Uncle Harry, "she has no clothes. I never noticed that." Then I took a peep around the room



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and saw him standing by the fireplace, scratching the back of his neck and looking very red and foolish—even though he is so clever and will be a doctor by next June. I saw Grandpa Ellis, a very handsome man, about thirty years old, laughing in a corner and shaking his finger at Uncle Harry, and Grandma Ellis, a sweet looking woman with golden hair and blue eyes, was holding me on her arm and my Mamma Lu on her lap, and saying: “Why she’s a mighty pretty dolly, Lucy. Now don’t be naughty! Go over to Uncle Harry and tell him that it was sweet of him to think of you. Go over, dear, and thank him nicely.” And then my dear Mamma Lu cuddled her head into Grandma’s neck in just the way I’d like to cuddle into my Mamma’s round white little neck—sniffed three times (Oh! she’s got the cutest little turned-up nose to sniff with), went very, very slowly over to Uncle Harry, said: “Thank you, Uncle Harry. I—I—guess—thanks, Uncle Harry,” and then she ran very



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quickly over to her papa, and he took her on his lap and kissed her.

Mamma Lu went to bed in about ten minutes after that, and she carried me upstairs into the nursery, and left me all night alone, in the long dark box. How I felt that Saturday night! I wouldn't want the meanest little doll on earth to feel one hundredth part as sad as I felt, not even for the one hundredth part of a second.

"It's not my fault that I have queer eyes," I sobbed. "Please don't be angry at me, Mamma Lu!" and again and again, in the darkness of the box, "Please don't be angry at me, I'm so sorry I'm a disappointment."

Let me see. Yesterday was Sunday, wasn't it? and it was yesterday that I had that unpleasant bath. I was just saying "I'm so sorry," for maybe the fifty millionth time—for you can say "Please don't be angry at me" a great many times in one night, if you keep at it steadily and don't take too many long breaths between—when suddenly I felt the lid of the box being taken off. A beam of sunlight flashed into my eyes, and I saw my darling Mamma Lu in her—in her—without a petticoat, looking down at me. Oh, but I was glad for the moment that I wasn't a sleeping doll! for had I been, and lying flat on my back with closed eyes, I couldn't have seen her so quickly.

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She took me around the waist and looked at me very carefully, and said very, very slowly: "Well, I don't think you'd be so bad, if only you wouldn't stare so. Now listen, dolly! I'm going to call you just Dolly, until I make up my mind what your name's going to be. We are all going out to Grandma's to-day ('my Great Grandmother,' I said to myself), and I want to take you along with me, to see how you behave in company. I'll ask Gladys to lend you her pink ribbon and pink dress, and I guess I'll give you a bath." "Gladys?" thought I, "who's that?"

She put me back in the box and I was quite happy. "Of course she's going to love me," I said to myself, "she was sleepy last night and didn't know what she was saying. She's so sweet that she loves everybody, I'm sure." I couldn't see anything except a patch of ceiling just over my head; but I heard the rattling of porcelain bowls and the splash of water and the opening of drawers, and Mamma Lu, saying, "Oh, nurse will be angry that I've wet the carpet," and the pushing of chairs, and I guessed that Mamma Lucy was preparing a bath for me.

It must have been very, very early—even the servants weren't up yet, for, excepting the noises that Mamma Lu made, the house was perfectly still.

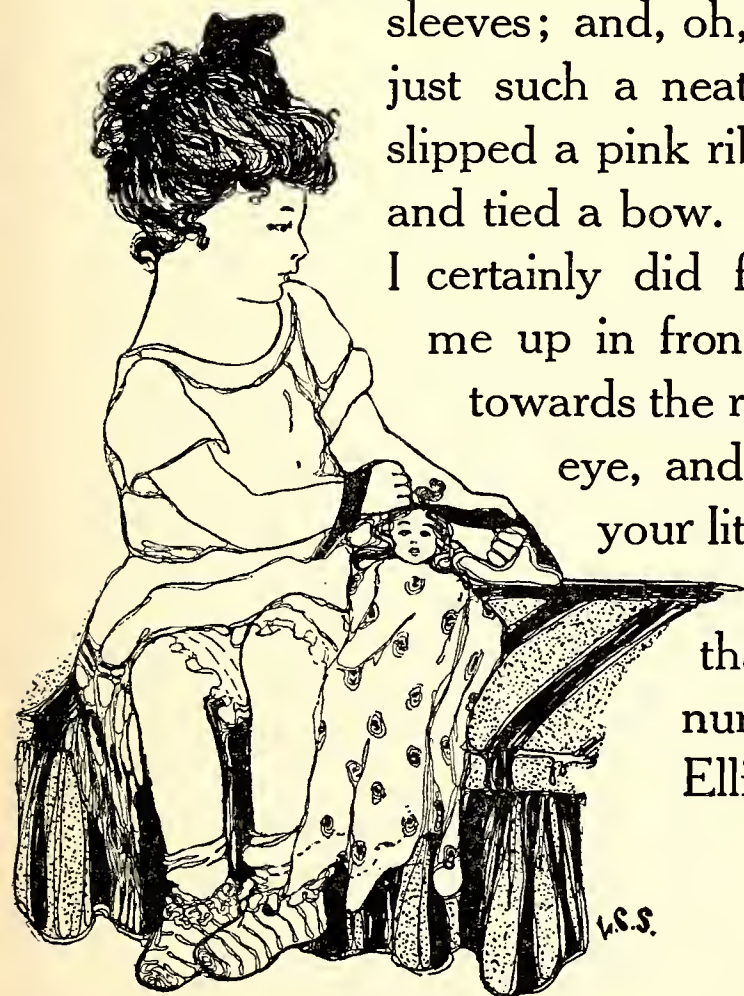
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Soon she came up to me with a towel tucked about her waist, saying, "Oh, my! that bowl was heavy. Now, Dolly, don't cry! Take your bath like a lady."

Cry? I was just too happy to say a word. She picked me up and threw me over her shoulder, carried me over to my tub—a bowl half-filled with water—resting on a great green wooden chair, and then—I'm not vain, and I'm not so perfectly wild over clothes as some dolls are; but at that moment I almost fell out of my Mamma's arms, in my delight. For, hanging over the back of that great, green chair was the sweetest pink Mother Hubbard dress, with white frills at the neck and

sleeves; and, oh, how often I have longed for just such a neat little gown! Mamma Lu slipped a pink ribbon under some of my hair and tied a bow. It's not nice to be vain, but I certainly did feel proud. Then she held me up in front of her, screwed her mouth towards the right side, half closed her right eye, and said: "You'll do. Pink is your little girl's color, that's certain."

Whatever did she mean by that? Maybe the dressmaker or nurse once said that to Grandma Ellis about my Mamma Lu.



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"One, two, three!" my Mamma kept on, and indeed I listened carefully, "in you go into the tub," and in a second, from ribs to knees, I was covered with icy water. She threw me in so quickly and the shock was so great that I couldn't help splashing, and great drops fell on her bare little legs.

"O you naughty!" she cried. "Ugh! it's cold." She let go of me suddenly to stretch out her hand for the towel; of course, I lost my balance—I haven't had much practice at sitting—and toppled right over. My hair dipped deep into the water and my silk ribbon, my pretty pink silk hair ribbon, got soaking wet.

"Oh! Oh!" cried Mamma Lu, "you naughty child, what have you done? There's poor Gladys's prettiest ribbon just ruined! That's not the way to make your sisters love you, to go and spoil the pretty ribbons that they lend you. I'm surprised, I'm simply surprised at you, and I'm awfully afraid that you're going to be a naughty child!"

Oh, how ashamed I did feel; but it really wasn't my fault. I was not to blame, was I, if I hadn't been taught to sit up like a lady? I do think my Mamma needn't have scolded me quite so much, because it was bad enough for me to know that the very first ribbon that I ever put on was "simply ruined," and to feel my

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hair all gummy and pasty, sticking to my wet neck. If it hadn't been for the peeps that I got at that pretty pink Mother Hubbard, I'd have felt perfectly miserable.

"I don't know what to do with you," said Mamma Lu, very strictly; "but I suppose I'll have to forgive you. Now do sit up and behave yourself, and if you get some soap in your eyes just remember that soap in the eyes is very good for the stomach, nurse says so, and don't complain. Sit still and don't wriggle now. There—" and in a second I was quite blinded with some soft biting stuff rubbed all over my face with a sponge.

I had just got my breath back enough to cry out: "Please, Mamma Lu, please hurry! Oh, this is simply awful! Please hurry! please, please!" when I heard the opening of a door and a scolding voice, "Miss Lucy, I'll tell your Mamma on you! What do you mean by getting out

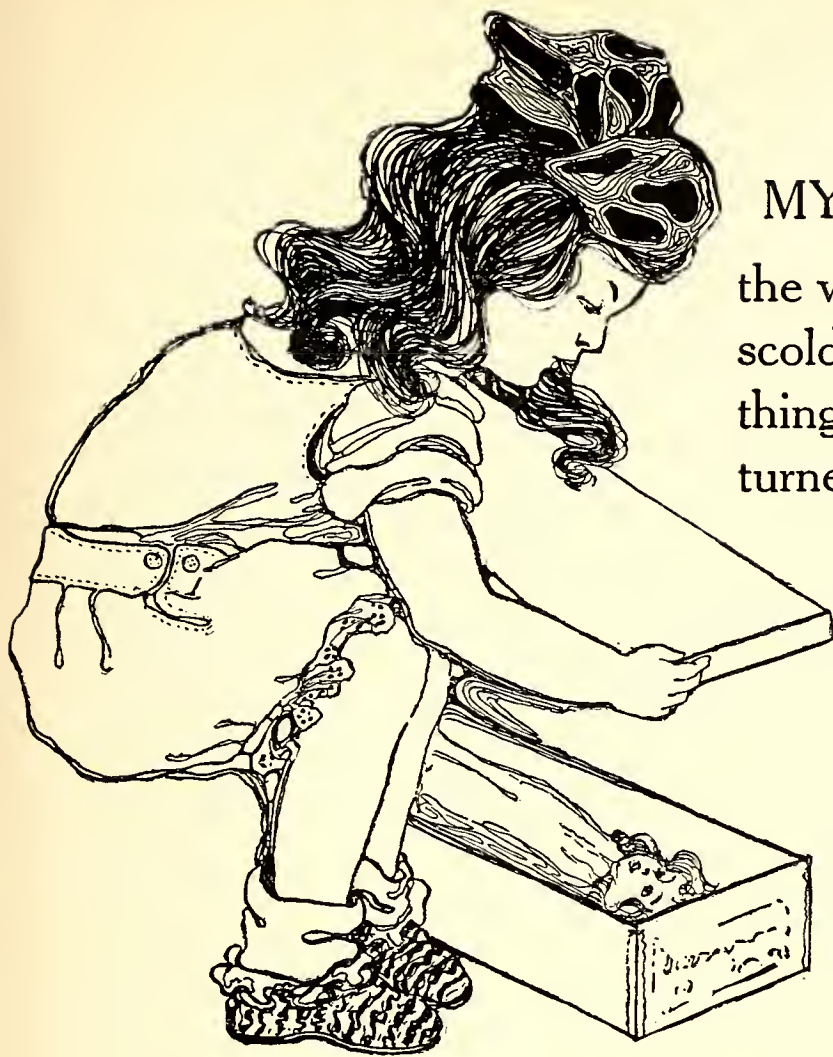


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of bed at this hour and messing up the nursery? And not a blessed thing on! You'll catch your death of cold." Now this wasn't quite true. Mamma Lu had shoes and stockings on and a shirt and a towel and ever so many other things. I was the one that was in danger of catching my death of cold, though of course no one ever thought of me. "It's the trial of my life, being your nurse, I tell you," and then the nurse, a big girl not at all sweet or pretty, rushed up and shook her finger about twenty times a second so close to my dear Mamma's cute nose that if the finger had been the least bit longer, there would have been an awful collision, I'm sure.

"Look what you've done to the chair!" cried the nurse. "The soap's gone and taken all the paint off the seat ('No wonder! that soap is mean enough for anything,' I thought), and see how you've splashed the carpet! Well, I never! Now just you stand there and don't budge till I come back with a cloth to wipe it up, and take care that you don't get into any more mischief!" and she bounced out of the room.

I peeped up at Mamma Lu, dear Mamma Lu. She was almost crying—one finger was stuck deep in her mouth. "I didn't mean to do any wrong," she mumbled, not very plainly, because the finger blocked



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the words, "and you shouldn't scold so. You're a mean old thing! So there!" Then she turned to me, "And you're a mean old thing too! and I'm not going to take you with me to Grand-ma's. You don't know how to behave yourself." Well, I never was so shocked in my life. What had I done to Mamma Lu? She rubbed the

soap quickly off my face, and then, "I'm going to put you in your box for punishment till to-morrow morning. And see to it that you don't get into any more mischief. You're a terrible trial," she said. All wet and shivering as I was, and without giving me a chance for one last little peep at the gown I was not to wear, she hurried me into my box and clapped the lid on. "Oh, Mamma Lu!" I said again and again and again, "I didn't mean to do any wrong. You know it's not my fault. But I don't call you a mean old thing, because you just didn't think what you were doing. Oh, that pretty dress! What a disappointment!

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Mamma Lu, how could you treat me so?" and all day long I lay and thought, "Oh, Mamma Lu! how could you?"

That happened yesterday, didn't it? And to-day—oh, yes, to-day—Mamma Lu took me out of my box and introduced me to Gladys and Maud. They sleep in one bed and she put me between them, "to get acquainted," she said! That was thoughtful of Mamma Lu. Maud and Gladys are really very sweet tempered, it's no wonder that Mamma likes them. She propped them up on pillows, to keep them awake, and from half-past eight, when she left for school, till half-past two, when she came home, those girls did nothing but talk.

I know everything about everyone now. My! what heaps and heaps of stuff didn't they rattle off into my ears, and I was feeling so sad all the time, just because Mamma Lu had kissed them before she left, and had only said, "Now be good," to me for a good-by. Even Gladys and Maud thought it was rather mean of her, and I must say—oh, well, it's not nice to complain, and I tried hard not to feel hurt when she tucked Maud and Gladys in so lovingly to-night and said to me, "Now be sure you don't disturb them." She stayed in the nursery only a short

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while after school, and just ran in after supper again to say, “good-night.” “I’ve a cold,” she told us, “and Mamma wants me to stay near her all the time to be sure that I don’t catch another.” I do hope that the water I splashed on her yesterday didn’t give it to her. Poor Mamma! her little nose is so very red and swollen.

I believe that I’m tired of thinking. I wish Teddy—but there’s no use calling to him. I’m sure he won’t answer. Teddy! Teddy! I say, Teddy—y—y—y! No! Oh, dear! I think I’ll begin to count to make the night pass quickly. “One, two, three, four, five, six, seven——”



CHAPTER II

TUESDAY—A TEA PARTY AND ITS SAD RESULTS

I was just saying nine hundred and ninety-eight million, six hundred and thirty-five thousand, three hundred and three, when Mamma Lu walked in to say "Good-morning,"—and I had reached nine hundred and ninety-eight million, six hundred and thirty-five thousand, three hundred and seventeen before I could stop. When you've been counting steadily, as I had, all night long, you get to have a tight, wound-up sort of feeling, and it takes a few seconds before you can roll back and stop.

Well, looking back over the day, I can say that, on the whole, it went off fairly well. It was interesting anyhow, and started out beautifully. When Mamma Lu came in this morning, she rushed to the bed in which were Maud and Gladys and me (oh dear! there's my grammar wrong! I really must be more careful; that will never do)—in which were Maud and Gladys and I, made one big armful of us, and hugged all of us together. It is true that meanwhile Maud got a bump from the right side of my head, and Gladys one from

TUESDAY—A TEA PARTY

the left, while I could count a bump from each as my share; but Maud and Gladys were still three-quarters asleep, and didn't feel the knock, and I count two bumps a very, very cheap price for a hug from my dear mamma, though they were a little painful, I must say.

"You dears!" she shouted, "I've got such an awfully bad cold that I can't go to school to-day. Mamma says so. Oh—oh—oh!" and then she picked me up out of the bed and positively kissed me, just on the nose. "It's through you that I've got to stay home," she whispered into my ear; "that cold water you splashed on me Sunday gave me a cold, you darling!"

There—I always thought that my Mamma Lu was an angel, and now I have perfect proof. She has a red, swollen nose through my clumsiness, and has had to stay away from school. Think of that! And she's not only forgiven me, but even called me darling! She certainly is a—oh! I don't know what to call her—sweetness! She kept on petting me so sweetly. "You poor child! You haven't even a 'nighty' on. I'll fix you all right, though; I'm going to have a tea party, to celebrate, and



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I'll dress you in Maud's best blue dress and ribbon. Now, how will that suit you? Maud won't care, will you, Maudie?" And Maud, who is very sweet-tempered, didn't object in the least. I believe I like her even better than Gladys, though Gladys, too, is a perfect lady. I must say that both girls have been very nice to me so far about clothes. They told me yesterday, in our long talk together, that I can count anything they have as mine, until I get fitted out, and they have never made any of the slighting remarks that lots of dolls would have made, I'm sure, about the miserable condition in which I entered into their family. Imagine! I hadn't a stitch to my back. Gladys, indeed, said once—but I'm sure it was only a thoughtless remark, and in no way intended to hurt my feelings, so I won't repeat it. No, I won't think of it; I won't, I won't!

Well, Mamma Lu took me on her lap and began to dress me, and I certainly enjoyed myself. That blue dress of Maud's fitted me perfectly; she has just my figure; but though it was very handsome, I didn't like it as much as that sweet little pink Mother Hubbard of Gladys's. I certainly do like a neat little dress. I had a blue ribbon in my hair, too; Maud was all in white, and Gladys in pink (my pink). It took all morning to wash and dress me. Thank heaven, my stomach must



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have been all right this morning, because Mamma Lu didn't put soap into my eyes to cure it! Gladys said that she and Maud get that medicine only when Mamma Lu's left foot steps out of bed before her right. I wanted to know on which side Mamma Lu generally slept, and Gladys giggled and Maud looked shocked. I really think that Gladys is a little spiteful sometimes.

We were just about dressed when Mamma Lu was called down to dinner. "Now be good and don't muss yourselves," she warned us before going; "I don't want to have to dress you again for the tea party." And then she laid us very carefully across the bed. Maud and Gladys went to sleep at once, of course; but I, as always, was wide awake, very happy and excited. Then I thought of Teddy, all alone in his box, with no pretty blue dress on, and no ribbon in his hair, and I felt so sorry.

"Teddy," I called, "Teddy! Teddy! Won't you speak to me? I'm a new child of Mamma Lucy's; I've been here only three days, and up to this morning I've been so miserable. You'd have been sorry for me if you'd have known, Teddy. If you want me to, I'll tell you all about it. Oh, I do wish you'd answer! We are going to have a tea party this afternoon; I wish you were invited, Teddy! Can't you answer? Teddy! Do you

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hear me? Oh, you are the most provoking—" and I just made up my mind, then and there, that I wouldn't bother any more about him until he began to talk to me. He needn't have been so stiff.

Mamma Lu came running up very soon to arrange the table and the chairs and to prepare the tea. I was so glad then that I wasn't a "sleeper," because I expected to have heaps of fun watching her get things ready.

"I'm having such a good time," she said, running over to us, "I just wish I had a cold every day." I was rather glad then that Gladys and Maud were asleep and couldn't hear her, because, of course, she didn't really mean what she said. It's bad enough to have to miss school for one day, indeed! I'm quite sure she was just pretending, so that I shouldn't feel too sorry that I had given her the cold—dear Mamma Lu!

"One whole banana I've got for hash and fourteen white grapes, to make grape-tea with, and half of a great big orange, and six five o'clock teas, and four Nabiscos!" My mamma just clapped her fat little hands with joy. "Now, aren't we going to have a glorious time? I guess I'll make the tea first;" and she sat down on a little rocking-chair next to the bed, and began to squeeze great big hothouse grapes into a beautiful little porcelain pitcher, painted all over with violets. Then I could



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hardly believe my eyes at first, and thought that I was seeing queer things because of that accident before I was complete; but I saw only too well.

And oh, how Grandma Ellis would have felt if she had been there, for it is such an unladylike greedy thing for a little girl to do! Why then, Mamma Lu actually chewed the skins! I was very sorry; I hadn't expected it of her. Somehow it took away a bit of the pleasure of the tea party. After the grape-tea, my mamma

made banana-hash, and very nicely indeed did she make it, chopping it into little squares, mashing it into a paste, moistening it with milk from another sweet violet pitcher, and sprinkling cinnamon and sugar all over it till I'm sure it must have had a splendid taste. I didn't eat any of it. She mashed her finger only once, too, during all that time, and then she didn't cry either. Oh, my mamma's all right; indeed she is!

In about twenty minutes, we were sitting around the tea table, Mamma Lu in her little rocking-chair at the head, and Maud and Gladys and I in little high-backed chairs.

TUESDAY—A TEA PARTY AND ITS RESULTS

“Now, wasn’t it nice of nurse,” said Mamma Lu, “to give us so much for our tea party? If mamma had been home, I couldn’t have had a banana; I’m certain sure I couldn’t. Now if you all behave yourselves, we’ll have a real good time. I do hope nurse forgets about my cough-medicine. It’s such nasty stuff, and I’ve got to drink the whole bottleful.”

She screwed up her little face, and wagged her red tongue up and down, and then cried: “Oh my, that’s not manners, and this is going to be a real elegant tea party! Maud and Gladys, you and I are ladies, and Dolly’s my little girl. Now, Dolly, don’t forget that children must be seen and not heard. Miss Maud, won’t you have some grape-tea? This is simply fine. I’m sure you’ll like it, if you’ll only try it. That’s right, just help yourself;” and with that, Mamma Lu swallowed a great big cupful of tea. Uncle Harry gave her her dishes, Maud told me. It’s a good thing that we dolls never have any appetite, for we certainly didn’t get anything to eat at that tea party. It was like this all afternoon.

“Now, Miss Gladys, you mustn’t say ‘no.’ That banana-hash is very good. Yes, I can’t complain of my cook. Here, let me put some on your plate,” and Mamma Lu would put a heaping teaspoonful on her

THE DIARY OF A BIRTHDAY DOLL

own plate and then pop it into her own little anxious mouth.

Or, "Dolly, you may have a Nabisco. Here it is," and Mamma Lu would reach over for a Nabisco.

"Now, don't eat it too quickly" (bite one). "Don't sprinkle the crumbs all over your dress" (bite two). "Do you have much trouble in keeping your children clean, Miss Maud?" (bite three). "How ever do you manage with help?" (bite four)—and so on till the Nabisco was safely down. Once, I mustn't forget, Mamma Lu forced a crumb of biscuit between Maud's lips (Maud always has her mouth open—it's very unhealthful), and poked it down with a pin; and Maud whispered to me just an hour ago, while Mamma Lu was undressing her for bed, that it had reached her throat and was tickling her dreadfully. Another time, Mamma Lu insisted on reaching a spoonful of tea over to Gladys, and I was so afraid that it would be spilled over the pretty pink dress she wore that I couldn't help crying out: "Gladys! Gladys! please be careful of my dress."

"Your dress indeed!" snapped Gladys; "since when, I'd like to know?" But she felt pretty much ashamed of herself when she caught Maud's eyes upon her—Maud is so very refined. I couldn't help feeling embarrassed

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too, for it really was not polite of me to call across the table so excitedly. Of course, I had never had any experience before at tea parties, and didn't know just how to behave.

By the time that only one little cup of grape-tea, three five o'clocks and two Nabiscos were left on the table, Mamma Lu was looking rather uncomfortable and I was getting rather bored.

"Not so much fun in this tea party," I was thinking; "I expected games and such things. I wish something would happen;" and then, when I was three-quarters through with my yawn, nurse came in with a great bottle of cough-medicine.

"Now you've got to take it; you can't get out of it. No nonsense now, Miss Lu, or I'll tell your mamma," she said, and held out a spoonful to Mamma Lu. Really, my mamma was naughty just then. Instead of quietly swallowing the stuff, and even licking the corners of her lips afterwards, to be sure not to lose a drop, and then saying, "Thank you ever so much, dear Nurse; it was so kind of you to think of me, and I do hope that my cold will be better to-morrow," as I'm sure other little girls do, she jumped up from her chair and raced around the room, crying, "I won't take it; no, I won't, I won't! It's mean of you to come and spoil

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my tea party. Go and take it yourself; I won't, so there!"

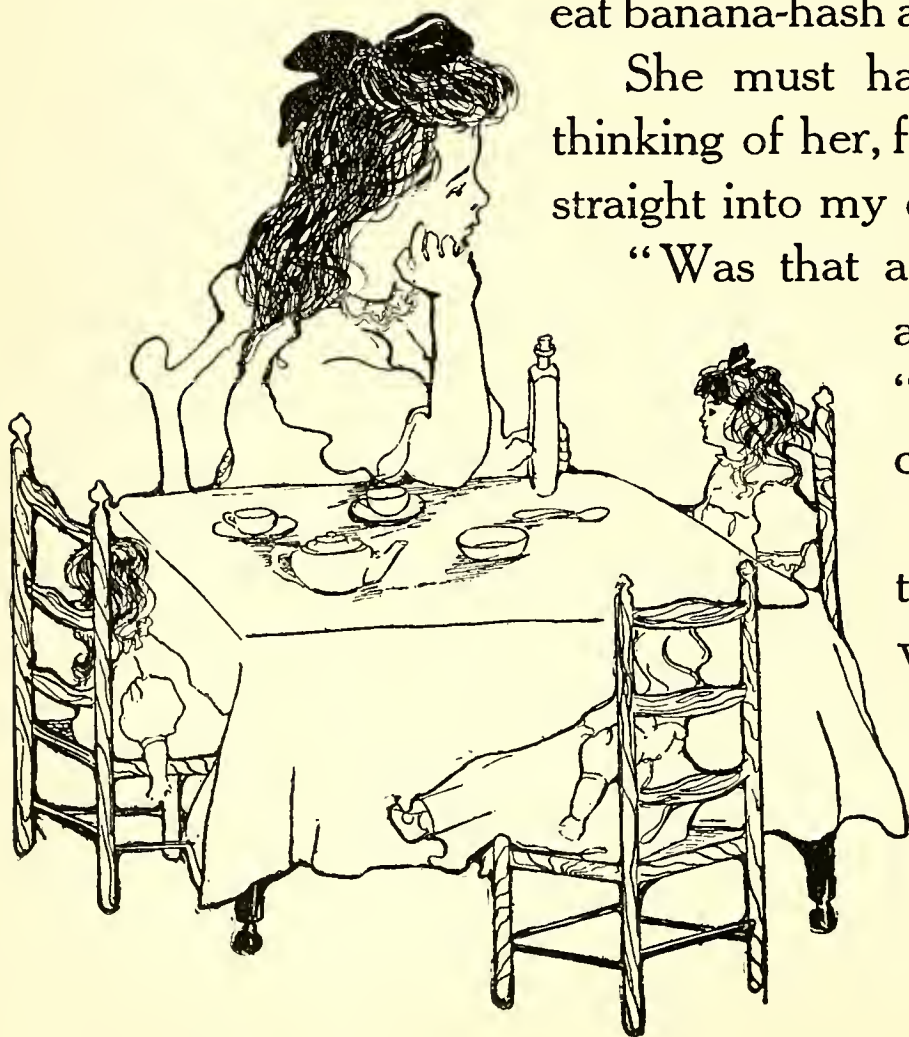
Well, Mamma Lu! Maud and Gladys looked at me, and I looked at Gladys and Maud. Well, Mamma Lu! I never—it was all over in a few minutes. Of course, Nurse caught her and made her swallow it, and she was far more patient with Mamma Lu than Mamma Lu would have been with me if I had been so naughty. When she left the room, there was silence for a few minutes, while Mamma Lu sulked on a chair, and we three dolls just sat and looked at her.

"You've had too much tea party," I thought. "That banana-hash has put you in a bad temper. Please don't eat banana-hash any more, Mamma Lu."

She must have known that I was thinking of her, for suddenly she looked straight into my eyes.

"Was that a cough I heard?" she asked, very severely. "Dolly, you're getting croupy."

She carried me over to the couch, next to the window, and set me up against the cushions.



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“O, how you are frightening me!” she said; “but I suppose it’s nothing but too much tea party.” This to me, and I hadn’t had a bite!

“I was surprised at the way you gobbled that banana-hash, but I didn’t want to say anything before company. That’s what you get for being greedy, Dolly! I expected better things from you. Now you’ll take your cough-medicine like a lady—like a lady, Dolly, without a word.”

The nurse had forgotten to take the cough-syrup out with her, and Mamma Lu got a large glass cup and half-filled it from the bottle.

“I’m giving you my own very cough-medicine, so you must try to get well as soon as you can,” she said, kneeling down beside me. “Wait; I’ll tie a napkin around you, to be sure that you don’t dirty your dress. Now don’t sputter when I give it to you. Ugh! what an awful croak that last cough was!”

An awful croak? I could no more make a sound that her ears were delicate enough to hear than she could fly. I certainly do not understand my mamma sometimes, and once in a while she makes me angry. She poured that bitter stuff over the right corner of my chin, because my mouth is always tightly closed and not a drop could get in, until it dripped down, down

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over the napkin, on my dress and on the cushions, and I knew that the skin on the right side of my chin would be just ruined, and that Nurse would scold her for soiling the couch. She really is careless. Then she stood up, shook a finger at me—I do not think that fingers were meant to be shaken—and said, warningly: “Now keep very quiet, and don’t get excited, and when my company goes home, I’ll undress you and put you to bed.”

All alone on the couch, I had to watch her laughing and acting “grown-up” with Gladys and Maud, and I just couldn’t keep from complaining, “Why, oh why does she just choose me to have a cough? I’m perfectly healthy.”

I wonder if she’ll ever lock me up as she did Teddy Bear. Poor Teddy Bear! But I don’t think that he can be more miserable than I was then, and, worst of all, I felt myself getting dreadfully angry at my mamma.

All at once I heard a few “cheep, cheeps” outside of the window. “Now, who is that?” I thought, very much excited; “can that be Ted? Of course not; his voice would be deeper, and how could he get outside? I do hope that nobody will see me. I’m so glad that the cushions hide me. Who knows what opinion people



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And I knew that the skin on the right side of my chin would
be just ruined



TUESDAY—A TEA PARTY AND ITS RESULTS

would have of me, if they saw that merry crowd over there, and me here, all alone?"

Cheep! cheep! went the sounds again, swelling into a duet.

"Oh, it must be the sparrows that Maud was telling me about," I thought. "Well, isn't that lovely? I'll be able to hear every word, and Maud says that their conversation is so interesting." I had forgotten all my troubles, and was awfully excited. I certainly do like excitement.

They haven't been here since the Friday before I came, and I was so afraid that I'd never meet them! Oh! but I listened carefully.

"There she is!" said a young voice (they were mother and son, Maud told me). "There's the dear little girl that warmed up our stomachs with her own nice, hot buttered toast two weeks ago, when we were making a very, very light and chilly breakfast of snow."

"She is a dear!" answered an older voice; "see how she's laughing, son! I'm sure she never has a sulky moment." "You should have seen her fifteen minutes ago," I thought.

"What is she eating?" went on the first; "it looks good."

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"If she knew that we were here, she'd surely give us some," said the second. "Would she?" I thought. "I'm not so sure of that." Dear me, but I was angry at Mamma Lu! "Still, I hardly think it would be fair to take it away from her."

"But I'm hungry," whimpered the younger voice, "and it's so hard to live after the autumn. I wish we'd get in the habit of going down South for the winter. All our relatives do."

"Now, don't grumble. If you really want something to eat, I'll try to attract her attention. You can help me," and cheep! cheep! they piped together in a strong duet.

I peeped over at the tea table. Just one Nabisco and one five o'clock tea were left. Mamma Lu was just lifting the five o'clock tea for a little nibble, when she heard the cheeps and looked towards the window.

"It's those poor birds again," she cried, and jumped from her chair in a flash. "Maybe they're hungry. Shall I give them our five o'clock tea, Maudie? But we want the Nabisco for ourselves, don't we?" And then her face got red. "Oh, I'm a greedy, selfish thing!" she cried. "You poor little birdies!"

She opened the window very softly, so as not to frighten the sparrows, crumbled biscuits on the sill, and

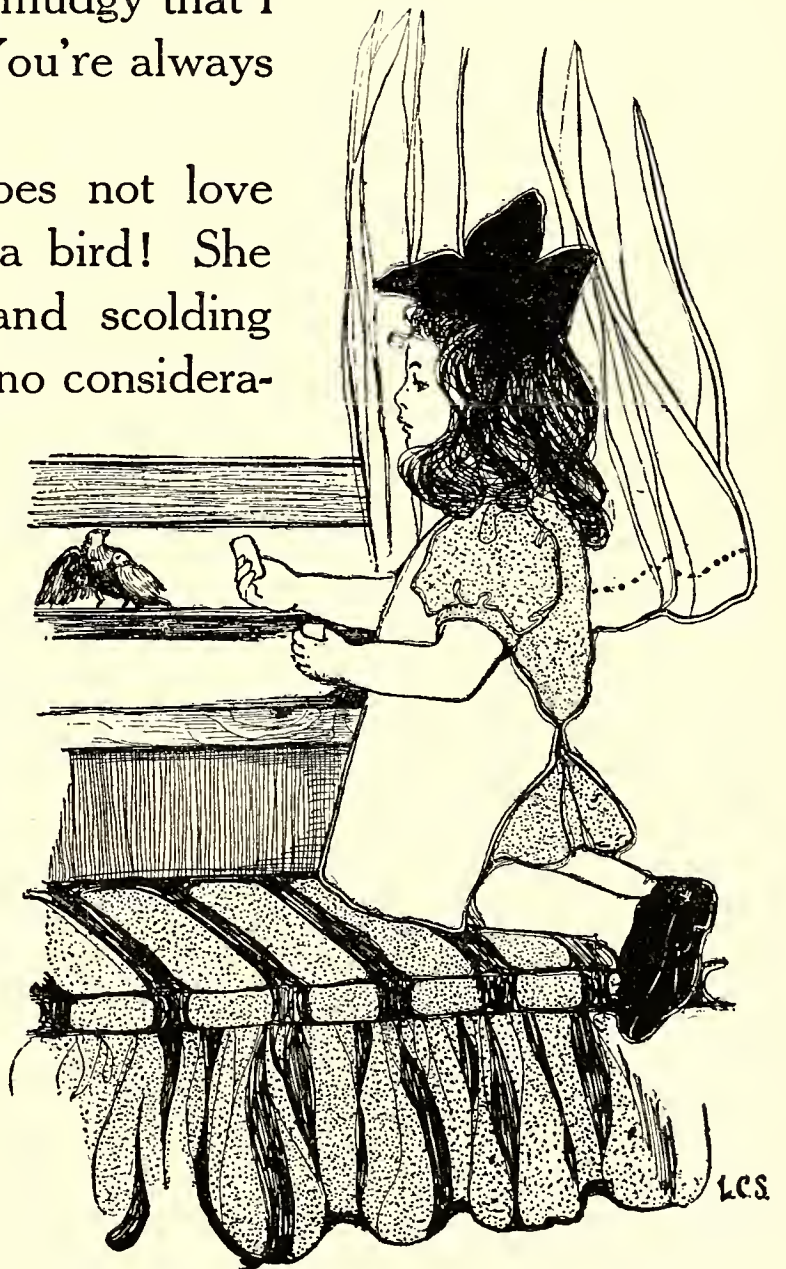
TUESDAY—A TEA PARTY AND ITS RESULTS

just as softly closed the window. Then she tiptoed with Gladys and Maud over to the end of the room.

“They’ll like their tea party much better if no one’s watching them eat,” she whispered. “I wish I had some banana-hash left; I’m sure they’d have enjoyed that. Sh, Dolly! Now don’t cough. I’d bring you over here too, but you’re so smudgy that I don’t like to touch you. You’re always smudgy.”

No; my mamma does not love me. Oh, if I only were a bird! She is always blaming me and scolding me for nothing, and has no consideration for my feelings. I don’t think it’s fair.

But anyhow, at that moment, when I heard the sharp little pecks of the sparrows’ beaks at the delicious crumbs, and the fluttering of their wings against the panes, I loved and felt very proud of my Mamma Lu.



CHAPTER III

WEDNESDAY—I GET A NEW DRESS

Oh, Teddy Bear is stuck-up, and I do hate stuck-up people! I don't see, anyhow, why he thinks such a lot of himself; but he really is handsome. I caught a glimpse of him about an hour ago, when Mamma Lu took him out of the trunk. He has a lovely white coat of fur, a pink nose and pink overcoat—I do like pink. His eyes are a lovely color and have so much expression; they remind me a great deal of the brown buttons on Mamma Lu's tan slippers.

Well, he's out at last, and I hope he behaves himself and stays out. Oh, I oughtn't to have said that in such a snappy way; of course he behaves himself! I'm sure that it's not his fault that Mamma Lu is so severe with him. Doesn't she treat me, too, as if I were a naughty child, though I'm trying so hard to be good? Didn't she, this very morning, say to me: "You give me more trouble than Maud and Gladys and all my other children put together ever did! Now, you've just gotten over a dangerous cough, and I'm very much afraid that you'll get some other sickness. You look feverish."

WEDNESDAY—I GET A NEW DRESS

She put her hand on my head then, and said: "Dear, dear, I do hope it will be nothing serious! Perhaps you'll be better by the time I come back from school. Yes, you must be better, Dolly, or I'll think you very naughty. You really do give me more trouble—"

Now, it was sweet of Mamma Lu to be so careful about my health; but I don't want to be fussed over when I know I'm perfectly well, and she surely needn't have made that unkind remark about my being "more trouble, etc." Mamma Lu wouldn't like it, I'm sure, if Grandma Ellis would say to her, every time she sneezed: "You're the biggest bother, Lucy!" Little girls often do not think what they are saying.

Mamma Lu went to school to-day after nurse had had a very hard time dressing her. Gladys said that it was because she didn't want to go back to school, but I can hardly believe that. Then I lay back and thought about the big family that Mamma Lu had had—ten children before me, and only Maud and Gladys left of all the big crowd. Dear me, that's sad—and scary, too! Maud—I always feel like calling her Miss Maud, because she is so dignified; but she told me at once that it would be very foolish for sisters to be so stiff—that I must call her simply Maud. She is so very sweet, Maud is! Well, Maud told me the other day that she is the oldest

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of them all. When she came, Mamma Lu was only a year old. Oh, she must have been a pretty baby, and very young, indeed, to be the mother of a great girl like Maud! Mamma Lu is seven years old now, so really my oldest sister isn't so very young any more, though she doesn't look a day older than I. And I'm sure she keeps her age well, because she has been petted and kissed and made happy all her life; not like—well, I don't intend to complain.

Six came before Gladys—one rubber, three rag, a set—Uncle Harry again! I do wish Mamma Lu had them now. Rag dolls are so nice and friendly—not a bit stuck-up and always up to fun. Then there were two bisque (like me) and one all china. The last one was very delicate, Maud said. She got giddy the very first day that she came into the family, fell out of Mamma Lu's arms, and smashed into—Maud didn't count the pieces carefully, but she thinks that the number reached two hundred and thirty-one. Gladys came next; she's wax, like Maud, and Maud told me that Gladys was the first real friend she had. Such friends as they are now! Maud is like a mother to Gladys, and Gladys is simply devoted to Maud. They are both very kind to me; but I just feel that I can never be really in it with them. They seemed to take to each other right away,

WEDNESDAY—I GET A NEW DRESS

and never quarrel. Before Gladys came, Maud used to be awfully lonely at night sometimes, when Mamma Lu had forgotten to put her to sleep.

“I simply couldn’t make friends with those other dolls,” she told me last Monday, in our long talk. “They didn’t know how to behave, especially the rag dolls. I’ll never forget the awful noise they used to make every night. And dirty!—I was certainly glad when Grandma Ellis took them away from Mamma Lucy.” Maud always calls our Mamma Lu, Mamma Lucy.

When Maud told me this, I kept quiet as to my feelings toward rag dolls, because I was afraid that she would think badly of my taste. But I had grown a little more independent in the last two days, and besides, was awfully anxious to know whether there was any chance of their coming back; so I said, quite suddenly, about two hours after Mamma Lu had gone off to school: “What ever became of those three rag dolls you were talking about, Maud? Heard anything of them lately? What did Mamma Lu do with all her broken-down children, anyway—the six before Gladys and the two before us? Do you know, Maud?”

At first there was no answer. Maud, and Gladys too, seemed mighty uncomfortable. At last Maud said,

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very slowly, and in a queer voice: "As for those common rag dolls, they were most likely thrown into the ash-barrel"—"Oh, the poor things!" I exclaimed—"and maybe are turned into bits of paper now. Just what Mamma Lucy does with the higher classes, like you and Gladys and me,"—now, wasn't it sweet of Maud to include me?—"I am not sure. Gladys and I sometimes imagine that we know; but we don't want you to question us, because we are not certain we are right. It is an unpleasant subject anyhow, and makes me feel chilly. Maybe when you are a little older, Dolly dear"—and then she stopped.

I hope that I am mannerly enough not to insist upon a disagreeable subject; so I just murmured: "Oh, certainly," as politely as I could, and pretended to doze off. Of course, I was just burning with curiosity. "Heaps of things for me to learn yet," I thought. "Oh, if only Teddy would speak, I'm sure he could teach me lots!" But I had made up my mind not to call him again, and I simply wouldn't. Very soon Mamma Lu came home from school, and then I had no more time for thinking.

"Hello, Gladys! Hello, Maudie! Well, Dolly, how are you feeling? A little better, I think. Your cough's gone, and you have no more fever," she said; "you've been a good child and deserve a dress—a nice new

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dress, all your own. I believe I'll make it for you this afternoon." Dear me, but I was glad!

"Pink—make it pink!" I prayed. She measured the breadth of my chest and the length of my arms with a piece of string. "Thirty-eight inches and twenty-one. Yes, ma'am," she said. Goodness! I didn't know I was as big as all that. I could hardly believe it. I'm sure Mamma Lu made a mistake.

"I'll make it in my mamma's room, because her work-basket is in there," she went on; "and I believe I'll take Gladys's pink dress with me for a pattern."

She hurried out of the room and I lay back on my bed, perfectly delighted. Gladys seemed a little out of humor though, and Maud was rather quiet. "Never mind," I thought; "I'll loan my dress to them sometimes. I wonder how many more I'll get." In less than five minutes, Mamma Lu came back with a pink Mother Hubbard exactly like Gladys's, excepting that there were no frills at the neck and sleeves.

"Oh, it's sweet!" I thought, though maybe I was just the least little bit disappointed



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about the frills. A touch of white at the throat, you know—

“Here you are,” she cried; “here’s your dress—your nice new dress. Do you like it, Dolly?” And then she laughed out loud and kissed Gladys. A whole new dress, with sleeves, and tucks, and hem, and skirt, and buttonholes—and such neat little buttonholes—in less than five minutes! My Mamma Lu is certainly a wonder; but I don’t see why she had to kiss Gladys so, all of a sudden. And such mean things that dolls say sometimes! All the while Mamma Lu was taking off the sweet little blue that I wore yesterday to the tea party, and dressing me in my pink, that jealous Gladys was grumbling: “It’s my dress, and I don’t think I’ve been treated fairly. I didn’t mind lending it for awhile, but I do not want to give it away altogether. It just makes me feel bad to see all that pretty lace torn off, and I don’t see why she couldn’t have kept it on. She needn’t think she can fool me; I guess I can recognize my own dress, lace or no lace.”

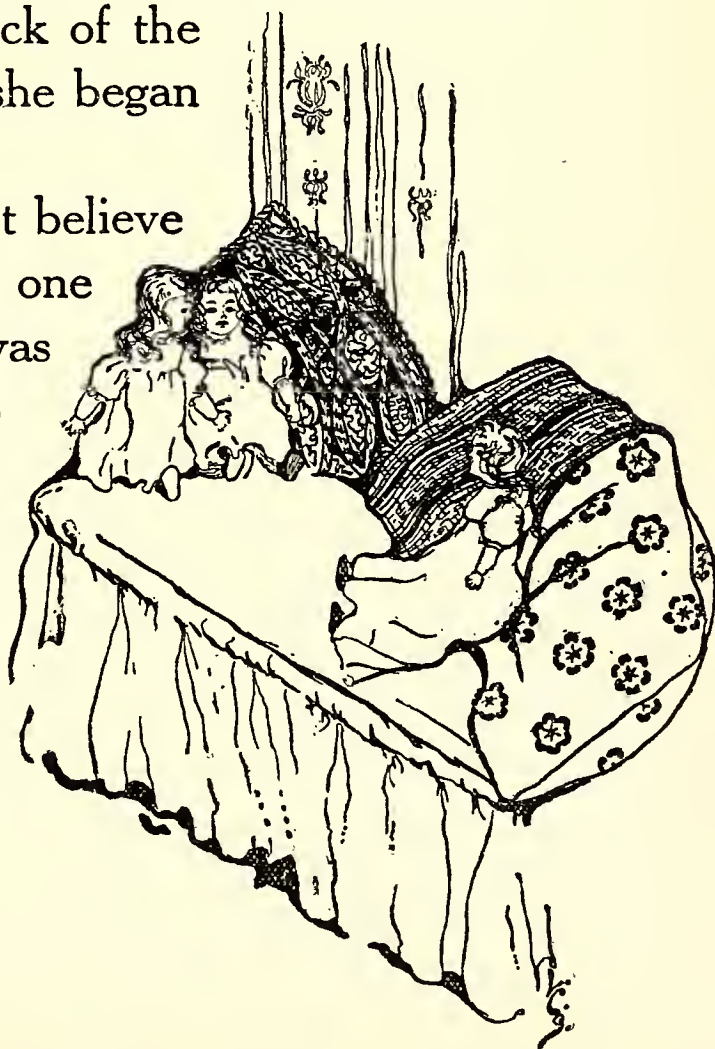
At first I wasn’t going to pay any attention to her remarks—I thought that Maud would settle her; but Maud was looking rather queer, too, and didn’t say a word; so then I just fired up. “How can you talk so, Gladys? Didn’t my mamma—and she is my mamma,

WEDNESDAY—I GET A NEW DRESS

remember, just as much as yours, and is going to like me, too, just as well some day—didn't she say that it was a new dress, a new dress?" Anyhow, I'd like to know why I can't get a new dress once in a while as well as you."

"Because the third girl in a family hardly ever gets new dresses," snapped Gladys; "and at present you're the third in the family. Besides, just look at that spot on the hem. You've seen that spot before—you know you have. And Mamma Lu said: 'Your new dress, your nice new dress;' not 'a new dress.' It's new to you, though it's old to me. Oh, I don't care; the lace was all worn out, and I was sick of the old thing anyway;" and then she began to whisper to Maud.

I won't believe—I just won't believe it; so there! My dress is a new one—a brand new one, and it was very clever of my mamma to sew it so quickly. I don't quite understand, though, why she didn't bring back with her Gladys's pink Mother Hubbard that she took out for a pattern. Some things are so very queer!



THE DIARY OF A BIRTHDAY DOLL

"Now, you're only a baby yet, and I don't think you keep your dresses very clean," Mamma Lu said to me as soon as I was dressed; "so I believe I'll make you wear an apron."

She rummaged in the box in which she kept the girls' clothes, of which there were heaps, until she picked out a simple little pinafore without a bit of trimming.

"Now this will do very nicely," she said, as she slipped the pinafore on me and tried to fasten it. "Oh my! the lower button's off. I couldn't put an apron with a button off on my child, or I'd teach it to be untidy, and that would never do."

She ran off again, and came back with grandma's work-basket, settled herself comfortably in a chair, with her feet on a footstool, just as she must have seen her mamma do; placed me flat on my stomach on her lap, till I expected my eyes to drop out on the floor any second, and began to sew on my new apron. After the fourth stitch—it must have been the fourth, because my skin had been pricked four times—she rested for a minute and said aloud:

"Now, maybe I should have waited till mamma had come home, because then I could have gotten a button; but I guess this will do just as well;" and after



She placed me flat on my stomach in her lap, 'till I expected
my eyes would drop out on the floor

WEDNESDAY—I GET A NEW DRESS

eighteen stitches, or, at least, eighteen pricks, she gave me a little tap on the back, and said:

“Now you’re all right, Dolly; I’ve sewed your apron up nice and tight, and you can’t possibly get out of it unless I take the thread out for you. It’s much safer than a button.”

Gladys burst out laughing. Oh, but I was angry, and I said, as haughtily as could be: “I am perfectly satisfied with any style of apron my mother” (I said mother instead of mamma to sort of scare her) “chooses for me, and I don’t see what on earth you are laughing at, Miss Gladys.”

Maud said “Sh!” and looked surprised; but I did feel sore, on account of the needle pricks, I guess (and oh, it is so babyish to be sewn up in an apron, just like a—like a—a—a—sausage!) and wouldn’t stop for anybody. Mamma Lu put us to bed, though, right away, and that settled the argument.

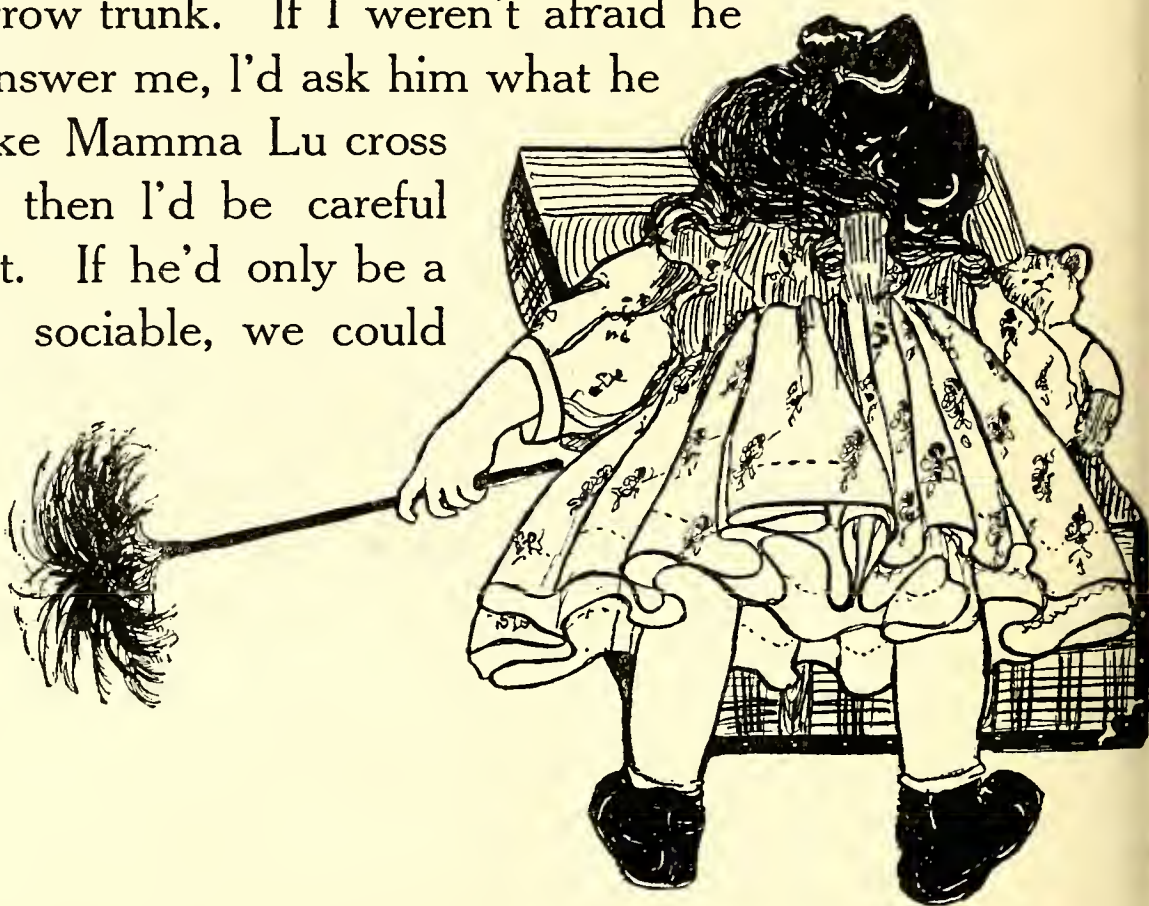
Let’s see. Did anything else of importance happen? What a joke! I’m pretending to forget, when all the while I’m so delighted that all the sausage aprons in the world couldn’t put me in a bad temper to-night. Just after supper Mamma Lu came into the nursery again, and without saying a word to us about it—she would have done so, I’m sure, if she had known how much

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we care; he's a sort of a relation anyway—she unlocked the trunk in which Teddy was imprisoned, took him out, dusted him off, looked at him, dusted him again, and then put him under the bed.

“Now just you take care of the girls,” she said; “see that nothing happens to them, and maybe, if you're very brave, I'll make you a sergeant.”

Maud and Gladys have been sound asleep since at least four o'clock, so they don't know anything about it. Oh, don't I wish it were morning, so that I could tell them the good news! We are all interested in Teddy, and so sorry for him. Poor Teddy Bear, how glad he must be to get his freedom again! I wonder how it felt in that narrow trunk. If I weren't afraid he wouldn't answer me, I'd ask him what he did to make Mamma Lu cross with him; then I'd be careful not to do it. If he'd only be a little more sociable, we could have such nice long talks together in the night; he's not a



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sleeper, and I'm sure he's clever. Maybe he knows what becomes of Mamma Lu's broken dolls. Wouldn't that be grand? Oh, Teddy! Teddy! No, I won't call him. I said I wouldn't, and I won't. But oh, I do wish it were morning, so that I could tell the girls the good news!



CHAPTER IV

THURSDAY—SPANKED!

“Thursday, March the twenty-first, nineteen hundred and seven. Thursday, March the twenty-first, nineteen hundred and seven.” That’s all I can do, repeat over and over to myself, “Thursday, March the twenty-first, nineteen hundred and seven. Thursday, March the twenty-first, nineteen hundred and seven.”

I shall never forget this day, never, never, for to-day is the day that my heart was broken, just broken,—broken into at least as many pieces as that delicate china doll’s body broke into, when she fell out of Mamma Lu’s arms. I wish I could stop thinking of my terrible trouble, for the pain of it is more than I can endure; pain in my mind where I can’t catch hold of what’s paining; that’s because of the public disgrace, and pain in the body, where it hurts when I touch, and that’s because of the hair-brush.

Everyone must be sleeping now, it’s late. I guess they’re dreaming, but no one would ever dream that a poor little doll, still nameless, is lying awake, so, so, so miserable.

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Mamma Lu's sleeping in the room next to this. Do you remember, you poor little doll, that when you first came here, not so very long ago either, though it seems an age, you used to imagine that some night you'd get into that room with Mamma Lu, and rest in her white little bed, on her nice little pillow, hugged tight in her soft pink arms. Maud and Gladys told me last Monday that they've slept with Mamma Lu lots of times, and that they prefer their own beds. Gladys even said that it's mighty uncomfortable to be squeezed as tight as Mamma Lu squeezes in her sleep. I knew, though, that they simply couldn't appreciate their great good fortune, and I thought that perhaps, if I'm very good and patient, maybe just once Mamma Lu might. I've tried so hard, and now it's all over. She just never seemed to care for me, that's all. Only once did she kiss me good-night, and she was always saying I was sick or untidy. To-day, though, has just crushed me altogether. "Thursday, the twenty-first of March, nineteen hundred and seven. Thursday, the twenty-first of March, nineteen hundred and seven."

How did it all come about? How did it all come about? The day started well enough. Mamma Lu came in as usual, before going off to school, and woke Maud and Gladys with a kiss. She didn't kiss me, but

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I tried not to care. I'm used to that already, and anyhow, I could see that she was beginning to think it unfair to leave me out, for she explained quickly,

"Don't forget that you're on trial for a week, Dolly, and that's why I must be strict with you. You've got such staring eyes, I'm awfully afraid you're stubborn and maybe mischievous, and I want to see just what sort of a girl you are before I name you." She even petted me under the chin, just before she left.

As soon as the girls were awake, I told them the good news about Teddy Bear. Weren't they delighted, though; and oh! the fun Gladys and I had all morning! Maud is so very dignified, she wouldn't join us, but even she couldn't help smiling, we laughed so much. There lay Teddy under the bed, never opening his mouth, and we two girls were making the funniest remarks at him, all morning. Of course, we didn't mean to hurt his feelings, because we all like him, but oh! the fun we had! Once I said, "I'm sure he's lost



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his tongue, don't you think so, Glad?" and I thought we'd die of laughing. And Gladys, she's rather clever and snappy, said, "I bet something happened to it in the trunk. Now, I remember, when Mamma Lu locked Marster Theodore in" (oh! she pronounced his name too funny for anything), "he cried out, 'Oh, my tongue! My tongue's caught in the keyhole!' Don't you remember it, too, Maud!"

I was just shrieking, but Maud spoiled the fun a little by saying, "Now you know that's not true, Gladys, and I'm sure that I wouldn't make remarks about a young man who wouldn't talk to me." She said this quite loud, and then she coughed. I'm positive she was waiting for Teddy to say, "That's the way to talk, Miss Maud," but he didn't. I'm sure she didn't like it, for it certainly does make you angry to talk and talk to a person, without being able to attract his attention.

Well, the fun lasted till Mamma Lu came home from school. I'll never laugh again, I'm sure, never, never. I noticed at once that she was moving her jaws in a very queer way from the right side to the left, and from the left back again to the right. I thought at first that she was eating something, but for about two minutes she kept on chewing and chewing and looking down at us without a word, and of course I knew that Mamma Lu

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couldn't keep on chewing one little mouthful of food for so long, without swallowing it. Right away Maud sniffed and said "Pepsin!" and Gladys "Wintergreen, I think," and I said, "Girls, what do you mean?"

Then Maud looked quite stern and said, very severely, "Mamma Lucy is doing something that is very naughty. She is chewing GUM, and her mamma has forbidden her to do it, expressly forbidden her; I've heard her myself."

"But she wouldn't do anything that her mamma has told her not to do," I gasped. "Don't ask me to believe that of my Mamma Lu, Maud!"

"It's only too true. To-day must be one of her naughty days; she gets them once in a while. I don't know whether I'm glad or sorry that Grandma Ellis is not home again, to-day. It would make her feel so sad to see her Lucy disobeying her, and I'm sure that she would be very angry. But then Mamma Lucy deserves to be punished for being disobedient, and I'm afraid she won't confess. See how crooked her mouth looks already, because of that horrid stuff. She must have gotten it in school, from Winnie Campbell. I never did like that girl Winnie."

I was so shocked that I couldn't say a word, and just stared straight into Mamma Lu's eyes, as she bent over

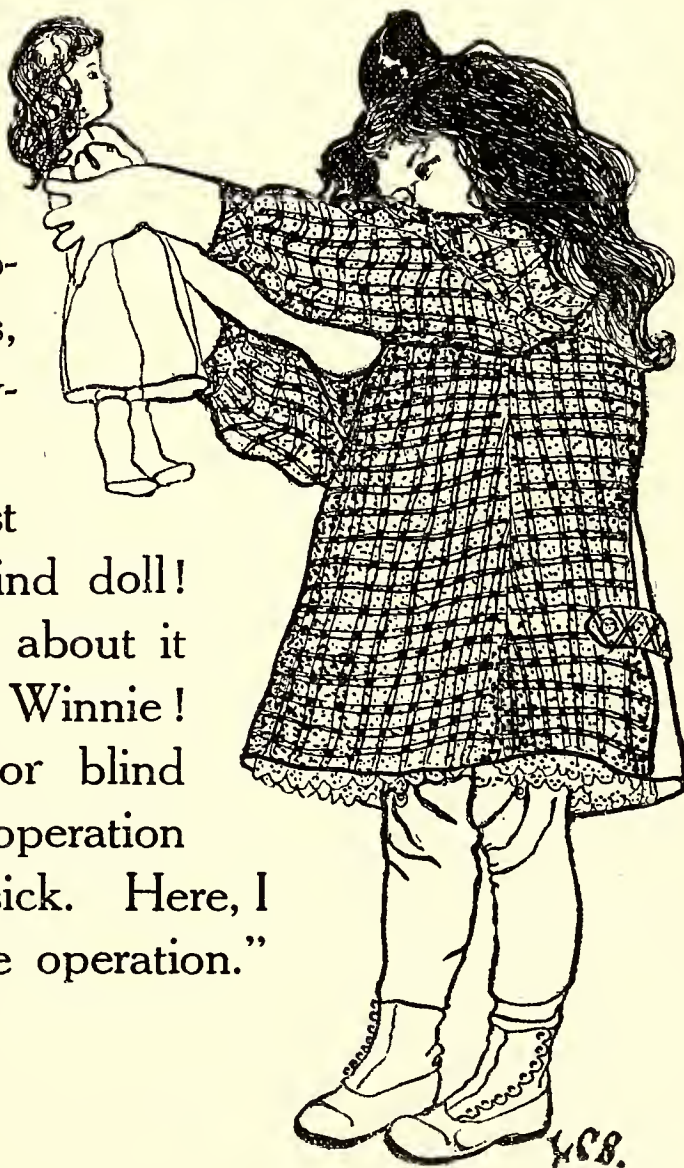
THURSDAY—SPANKED

us. Chewing just as fast as she could, she picked me up and held me at arms' length from her, and said:

"First a cough" (pause for a chew), "then fever!" (another chew), "and now I've just got to take you to the eye doctor" (three quick chews). "You must have something wrong with your eyes; I've never seen a doll with such a queer look as you have." "No, very likely not, Mamma Lu," I thought. "Very few dolls are unfortunate enough to have accidents before they are complete." "If I don't attend to your trouble while your young, you may go blind, Dolly!"

She looked sad for a moment, then clapped her hands, laughed, and went on chewing.

"Oh, wouldn't that be just lovely!" she cried. "A blind doll! I'll tell Winnie Campbell all about it to-morrow." So it was Winnie! "Come on, Dolly, you poor blind child. You must have an operation right away, you're awfully sick. Here, I guess I'll undress you for the operation."



THE DIARY OF A BIRTHDAY DOLL

Dear me, but I was scared! While she was ripping out the thread that fastened up my apron, although I was glad to be rid of that babyish thing, I was trembling all over. It is just possible that I was nervous because I was so shocked that she had disobeyed her mother. She sat down in a chair and laid me, dressed only in my chemise, face up, on her lap.

"I think" (five chews that time, I counted them) "that I'll pick your eyes out, Dolly, and then examine them to see what's wrong with them. If they're all right, I'll stick them back again, and if they're not, why you'll just have big black holes for eyes, and be my poor blind child. Won't you be glad, Dolly?"

Well, hardly! I was half-fainting with terror.

"Now, lie still and be good! I won't hurt you, and it's got to be done." She put one hand under the right and one hand under the left side of my head, and pressed a thumb, as hard as she could, upon each eye. Maud and Gladys shrieked. I believe that I fainted, for I remember nothing till, "I can't do it. Goodness, your



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eyes are strong.” Mamma Lu was grumbling, “I’ll have to leave them in, they’re fixed so tight.” Oh! but mucilage is a faithful friend, that sticks to you forever! The danger was over.

Mamma Lu carried me back to bed, and it was sweet, after my dreadful experience, to receive the congratulations that Gladys and Maud poured in on me, upon my lucky escape. Mamma Lu, meanwhile, sat on a chair, and began to play with her gum. What didn’t she do with it? She rolled it into circles, then cut it into squares and diamonds with her sharp little teeth, pulled it out into tangled masses of threads, rolled it up again into a ball, and popped it into her mouth. Ugh! It made me sick! I could just understand why her mamma had forbidden her to chew gum. At last her conscience began to prick her.

“Mamma would be so angry if she saw me, wouldn’t she?” she said to us, solemnly. “I wonder why I’m so naughty to-day. But Winnie Campbell coaxed me so hard, I just had to take a piece. And, anyhow, mamma didn’t tell me not to chew chewing-gum. She said to me, ‘Now, Lucy, I don’t want you ever to buy any chewing-gum.’ You remember, don’t you, Maudie? That’s just what she said, ‘I don’t want you to buy any,’ and I didn’t; I got it as a present.”

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"Oh, the sly child!" Maud cried. "She knows quite well what her mamma meant. Did you ever! Well, to-day is certainly one of her naughty days. See what she tried to do to you, you poor Dolly. And she'll be up to more mischief to-day, I'm sure."

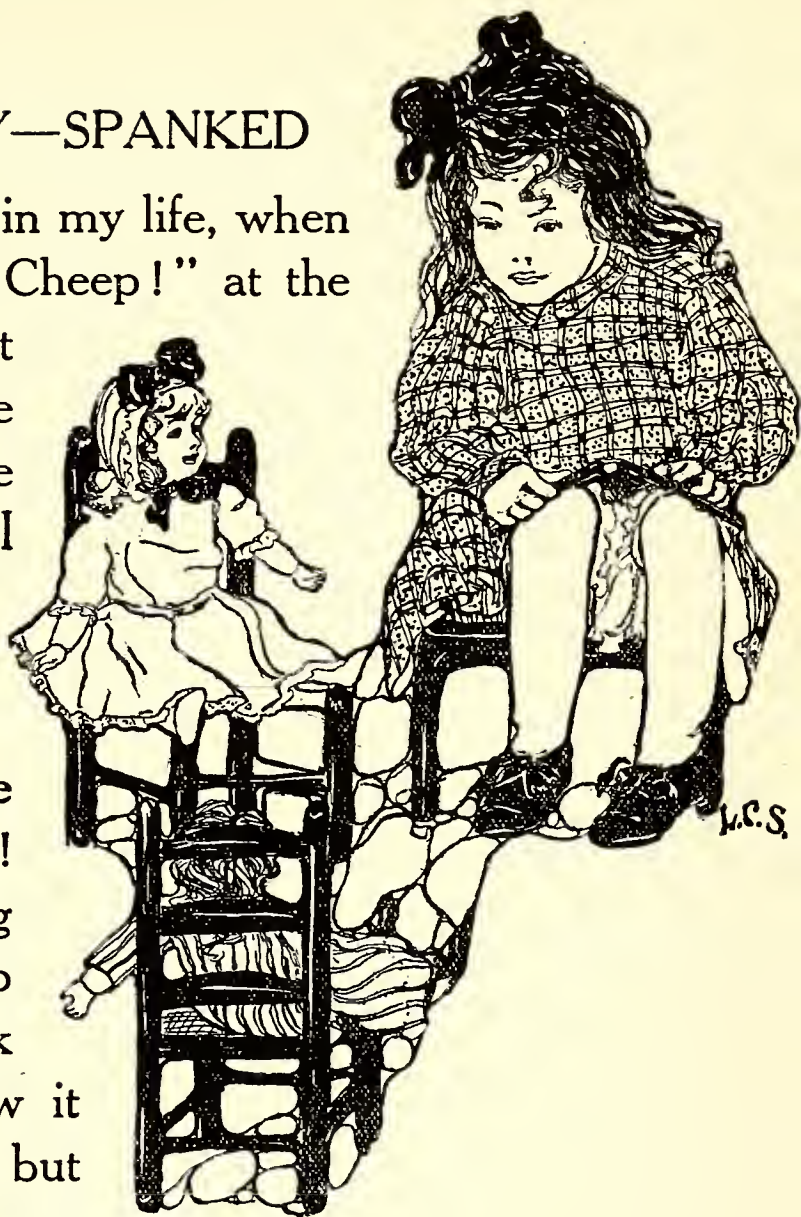
I couldn't get as vexed as Maud could, but I did feel mighty sorry. "Poor Mamma Lu!" I said to myself. "So you're a naughty child. Isn't that sad! Who would ever have thought it; you look so sweet?"

"I'm going to read you some Mother Goosies." Mamma Lu jumped up suddenly, "Maud, you're too old for them; you may stay in bed, but Gladys and Dolly are going to get out and listen." She tied a little white bonnet on Gladys' head, and sat her down on a chair. Then she lifted me up, and sat me down in another. Imagine how embarrassed I felt, Gladys dressed like a lady, in white and pink, and me with only a narrow chemise on, and yesterday's pink ribbon in my hair. Gladys sat beautifully, like a little lady, but I never was very good at sitting, my joints weren't made that way, and, feeling as embarrassed as I did, I was exceptionally clumsy.

Mamma Lu was just asking: "Who killed Cock-Robin?" in an awfully stern voice, and frowning at me as if she thought maybe I had done it, though indeed

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I'd never seen Mr. Robin in my life, when I heard a bright "Cheep! Cheep!" at the window. At first I thought it was Cock-Robin come back to life to accuse me (I'm so scary), but at once I remembered — the sparrows again, of course. I'm sure I blushed, to have perfect strangers see me dressed like that! The idea! and I was praying, praying that Mamma Lu would stop reading and slip me back into bed, when, just how it happened, I don't know, but maybe I was stretching my neck the least little bit to hear what the sparrows were saying, or maybe I was dizzy yet from my awful experience, but all of a sudden I fell flat, over on my side, and bumped my head real hard against the floor. I just had time to catch one glimpse of Teddy, under the bed. He was looking at me very kindly (he has awfully nice brown eyes) and then I heard the slamming of a book, I was caught up roughly, and shaken and shaken.



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"You naughty child! Why don't you behave?" cried Mamma Lu, in a very angry voice. "You're the worst child I ever had," and another shake and another and another. Oh, those sparrows on the tree! How surprised they looked!

"I'm going to give you a lesson, once for all," she continued; "I will not have such behavior in my family."

She reached out for a great big hair-brush that was on a dressing-table near her. "A hair-brush," I thought, stupidly. Oh! I was all dazed. "What does she want with a hair-brush. My hair must be untidy, and I guess she's going to comb me." Yet I trembled.

"I will not have it," she went on, more and more excited. "Winnie Campbell knows how to make her children behave. She told me how, to-day, and I'm just going to take her advice." With a quick movement she laid me over her knee, face downward, rolled up my chemise, raised the hair-brush, and — no, no, I cannot repeat the rest, I cannot, cannot.

Maud and Gladys were sobbing softly when she carried me back to bed, and there was a heavy breathing through the room; it might have come from Teddy Bear. I could not say a word. I was bruised and stiff from my ribs to my knees, it was such a large hair-brush, and she had used the bristly side, part of the time, and then



She raised the hair-brush——and no, no, I cannot repeat the rest,
cannot, cannot

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the disgrace, the awful shame of being pressed down tight till I couldn't move, and then publicly spanked with a hair-brush, before Maud and Gladys and Ted and the two sparrows. My heart was broken, yes, my heart was broken. I felt that I could no longer look anyone in the face, so dreadfully had I been disgraced. If it had only been on my shoulder or on my face; anywhere but where it was, and before so many people. I lay quite still in my misery.

Soon the heavy breathing stopped. Maud and Gladys ceased their soft sobbing, and Mamma Lucrue sat in a corner and chewed sulkily.

I thought that the sparrows had flown away; there was no sound outside of the window.

"I don't care," she exclaimed, suddenly; "I don't care if it hurt a whole lot. She's a bad child, very disobedient." I disobedient, Mamma Lu? Then what are you?

"Oh, I hate this chewing-gum!" she said, jumping up quickly; "here, you naughty child!" She ran over to



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me, and stuck the little round ball on the palm of one of my hands. The sticky mass—Pah!

“Take good care of it, and try to be a better girl. Gladys, get back to bed. You are naughty, too.”

She bundled us all up together in the sheet, looked at us, said, “I don’t care,” several times; then, half-crying, “O, I do wish mamma were home; but she won’t be till to-morrow. Oh, mamma, mamma!” and rushed out of the room.

Silence again; then suddenly, outside, the voice of the older sparrow (ah! then they hadn’t gone), “Cheep, cheep! I am just struck speechless with astonishment,” and it takes a good bit to make a sparrow dumb, I can tell you. “What a disappointment! Did I see and hear all right, my son, or am I dreaming?”

“No, mamma, your eyes are very good yet,” answered the young sparrow, sadly. “But I, myself, can hardly believe that the little girl that is always so good to us, and whom we both admired so, can have such a bad temper!”

“I’ve made up my mind that we’ll take nothing more from her, son,” said the mother, very excitedly. “A child that can beat a sweet little doll in such a heartless way is not the sort of little girl I want to take favors from. I have some pride, though I am in rather poor

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circumstances just at present. Don't you agree with me, son ?”

“Yes, mamma, of course; but what if we're very hungry?” asked the younger sparrow, weakly.

“We'll be taken care of. He that guards the young ravens—and you know Who that is—will look after two little sparrows, too,” was the answer. “I've a good mind to go and tell her mother how she behaved.”

“Oh! please don't, mamma; promise me that you won't. I never did think it fair for birds to go sneaking around windows, just to be able to tell mothers what their children do. It seems so underhand, begging your pardon, mamma. Besides, you can tell that she's sorry, already, and don't forget how good she's been to us. Promise, promise!”

“Well, since you seem so very anxious, I won't; but really—” and then I heard the rustling of their wings as they flew away.

Their sympathy was soothing, so were Maud's and Gladys' sobbing and Ted's heavy breathing. But, anyhow, I'll never be happy again, I know I never will. The girls have been awake all night; they've been lying close to me, lovingly, and too kind to say a word, for fear they might wound my feelings. Once Gladys whispered, very low: “Dolly, did it hurt very much?” and a gruff

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voice from beneath the bed commanded: "Keep quiet, can't you? Do you think she likes to be asked impertinent questions?" It was Ted. Poor Gladys shrunk back, terrified, and hasn't opened her mouth since. Poor Gladys! I know she didn't mean any harm. I wish that Mamma Lu had put the girls to bed properly. They're not used to lying awake all night. Poor Mamma Lu! Why were you so naughty to-day? You've made me burn all over with shame, Mamma Lu. Oh! will I never forget? And that clammy mass of gum is just paralyzing my hand. All night long, I'm repeating, "Thursday, the twenty-first of March, nineteen hundred and seven. Thursday, the twenty-first——"



CHAPTER V

FRIDAY—MY LEG IS BROKEN AND MENDED

I suppose I ought to be feeling even worse than I felt yesterday, considering what has happened to me to-day. But, somehow, in spite of everything, I'm a bit easier in my mind. I wonder why? Maybe I'm getting to be like Teddy, dear good-natured Teddy, who says that he never lets himself feel discouraged any more.

Now, Dolly, honor bright, are you really so awfully sorry that dreadful accident happened to you, to-day? Honor bright, remember. Well, honor bright, I can't say that I am, even though the accident may have very sad consequences, for without it to smoothe the way, Teddy might never have talked to me, he's so very proud. It's so nice to know that you've got a friend, a good sensible friend, to give you advice once in a while, and to tell you that your hair is naturally curly, just as Teddy told me. I wish Mamma Lu had such a friend. I am sure that Winnie Campbell isn't, or else she wouldn't make my mamma disobey her mamma.

But how did it happen that you and Teddy got to speaking, Dolly dear? How funny! Such a very

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serious accident has happened to me, and yet I don't seem to care. I really don't understand myself at all. Come, answer yourself, Dolly.

Well, at six o'clock this morning, I was hoping and praying that Mamma Lu wouldn't come into the nursery before she went to school. I just couldn't bear the idea of seeing her; I trembled at the thought of hearing her say: "Well, naughty girl, how are you this morning? Now, be good!"

When I knew it was too late for her to come in, I sighed with relief. I was just so tired of being scolded.

"I suppose she'll be in about half-past two," I thought. "Well, I can't help that. Maybe I won't be feeling so bad by that time, anyhow."

The time passed very slowly. Maud and Gladys spoke only three times, and then in whispers. They were afraid to say a word to me; they thought I wanted to nurse my sorrow in silence. That's quite true, and I still felt dreadful about the disgrace and all that, but oh! I did so want to speak, just a little. And I couldn't, because it wouldn't have looked at all proper for me, who had suffered so much, to begin talking about every-day matters without being coaxed into conversation.

FRIDAY—MY LEG IS BROKEN AND MENDED

“Maybe we can just begin talking naturally, when Mamma Lu comes in again,” I thought. “If only she won’t be cruel to me again!”

Two o’clock passed. I looked anxiously at the door, half eager for her to come, half afraid. Three o’clock, four o’clock—once I heard the trotting of her little feet in the hall, a pause before the nursery door, and then a frantic rush. No Mamma Lu yet! Five o’clock, six o’clock—how could Maud and Gladys lie there so perfectly unconcerned when Mamma Lu might never come back to us any more, and so good as she had been to them, too? Maybe they weren’t unconcerned, maybe they were just trying hard not to reproach me, because it was through me—

When it was almost dark, the nurse came in to light the gas. Mamma Lu was with her. Just before they went out, she gave us one quick glance, then turned her head away. Oh, but I was frightened!

“She’ll never come back again, I know it!” I cried out loud. “I guess it was naughty of me to fall off my chair. Oh, Mamma Lu, please come back! don’t be cross at Maud and Gladys, anyhow; they haven’t done anything wrong. Mamma Lu! Mamma Lu!” I screamed at the top of my voice, but of course she couldn’t hear me.

THE DIARY OF A BIRTHDAY DOLL

Then, oh dear! (he always knows exactly what to say and when to say it) I heard that dear gruff voice from under the bed, "Don't worry! She'll come back, before bedtime even." I wonder what the girls thought of that; I was the only one he had ever said a word to. I nudged Maud, and then I whispered, "Thank you ever so much. Do you really think so?" Of course, I didn't get an answer. Ted doesn't like unnecessary questions.

Just before going to bed, exactly as he said, Mamma Lu came into the nursery. She was half undressed, her shoes were in one hand, and her dress in the other.

"I just couldn't go to bed without seeing how you are," she whispered to me, very low. "Dolly, are you cross at me? Look, I've brought you a present."

She drew off my old pink ribbon, and pinned a pretty blue bow in my hair, naturally curly. She lifted me very carefully out of bed, and just as I was safe in her arms, I felt the queerest kind of pulling pain in my left knee-joint. Something dropped with a clatter to the floor, and my left leg felt sort of light and airy.



FRIDAY—MY LEG IS BROKEN AND MENDED

“What was that?” asked Mamma Lu, anxiously, and then she gave a scream. I peeped down. Horrors! there was my leg, from the knee down, lying just at Mamma Lu’s feet. At that terrifying sight, I completely lost control of myself; really, I had an excuse in my dreadful experience of the day before, and sent out shriek after shriek.

First a broken heart, and now a broken leg. I screamed, “Oh! oh! oh!” and Maud and Gladys joined me at the top of their voices, and the top of their voices is very high up. “A broken leg! Oh! oh! oh!” and Teddy under the bed growled again and again, in such a deep, angry voice, “A broken leg! Poor little girl! Well, isn’t that a shame!”

The combination was simply deafening, even though I knew that little girls’ ears are not nearly delicate enough to hear the loudest noises that dolls make; yet I was rather surprised that Mamma Lu didn’t seem to hear a sound. I’d have just loved her to know how much my friends care for me. Perhaps it was because she was so dreadfully scared and excited. She set me down on the floor, right next



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to that dreadful hair-brush, still lying just where she had thrown it yesterday after—after—oh! don't let me think of it, and drew her slippers on in a flash.

"I've got to go this minute and get my mamma," she was muttering through her teeth, as she tugged at her shoestring. "I know I've done it; it's my fault, because of what I did yesterday."

I couldn't see her, but Maud and Gladys, who had stopped screaming, and were sitting up in bed, looking on, told me afterwards that Mamma Lu's expression at the time was pitiful. Her face was quite white, her teeth were clinched tight together, and she was swallowing all the time. I heard her rush out of the room, and the next thing I knew (I was a little dizzy, I suppose, and not quite clear as to what was happening) I was resting comfortably in Grandma Ellis's arms, and Mamma Lu was standing in front of me,





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She set me down on the floor, and drew on her slippers in a flash

FRIDAY—MY LEG IS BROKEN AND MENDED

looking up into her mother's face with the most imploring expression, her lips pressed tight together, her eyes strained and full of tears. In her right hand she was holding up my poor leg. It certainly gives you the queerest kind of feeling to see part of your leg held up in another person's hand.

"I'll do my best, Lucy," Grandma Ellis was saying, doubtfully, "but—" and then Mamma Lu interrupted her wildly:

"Mamma! Mamma! You must cure her, you must, you must, or I'd never speak to myself again, never, never! It's all my fault; oh, mamma, you don't know!" and poor Mamma Lu burst into great loud sobs.

"Hush, dear," said Grandma Ellis, soothingly, "Your fault? Did you let her drop?"

"Oh, no, no, no! I was so naughty, yesterday. Look, mamma"—she picked up that mean brush, and held it out despairingly—"I spanked her, all for nothing, so hard with this. And mamma"—she wrenched off the sticky ball of gum that had been paralyzing my hand—"I'd been chewing chewing-gum, though you told me not to, and I knew I was doing wrong, and I was so cranky. I spanked and spanked and just spanked! I know I broke her leg, I just know I did. Oh, I'm so wicked! Mamma, mamma!"

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Poor Mamma Lu! It was very sad to hear her sob so bitterly, and all because of me. I half expected Grandma Ellis to scold me for making her Lu so sad, but instead she smoothed back my hair with the gentlest hand, and said, very sorrowfully :

“Your poor dolly! Lucy, how could you be so cruel, and so disobedient, too! Go to your room at once; I don’t want you in here while I’m bandaging Dolly, you’ve been too naughty. When you’ve said your prayers and are in bed, I’ll come in to speak to you. Now, go at once.”

“Mamma!” cried Mamma Lu, imploringly, as she gave one last look at me, then, sobbing, left the room.

The girls’ bed was just buzzing with their excited whispering.

“I wonder if she’ll be whipped?” whispered Gladys, busily; “I’m sure she deserves a whipping.”

“Whip her! Whip my pretty mamma! Oh, girls!” I trembled all over at the thought.

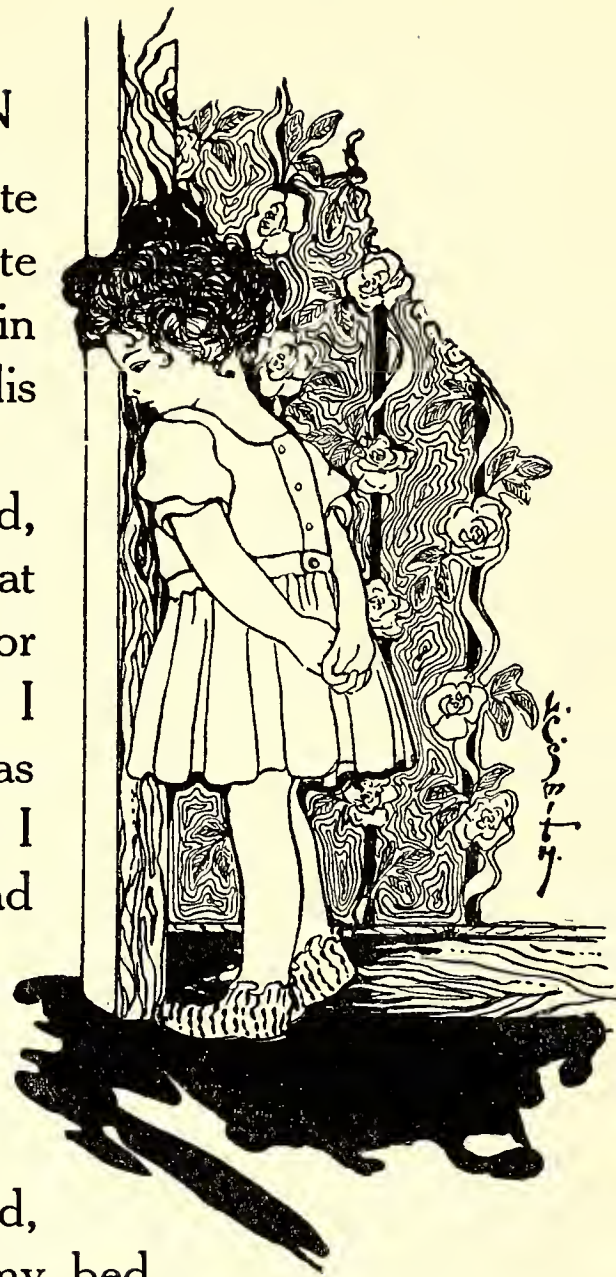
“No,” said Maud. Did her voice sound regretful, or was I imagining things? “Grandma Ellis isn’t the whipping kind; she’ll only give her a talking-to. I hope it will do her some good.”

“In my opinion,” I said, rather sharply, too, because Grandma Ellis was just tightening a bandage, and it

FRIDAY—MY LEG IS BROKEN

hurt, "I think that she has said quite enough, already. She has been quite strict. Poor Mamma Lu! crying in there, all alone. I wish Grandma Ellis would hurry and comfort her."

There was silence for a second, then, from under the bed, came that dear, gruff voice again, "Good for you, little girl?" Isn't he awful? I was so embarrassed; but it was sweet of him, anyhow. After that I really couldn't feel so very very sad about the loss of my leg, and besides I knew that Grandma Ellis was doing her best, with linen and lots of mucilage, to make me well again. When she had finished, she carried me tenderly over to my bed, and tucked me in at the foot. "I do hope she won't put us to sleep now; we've got so much to talk about," cried Gladys; but before the words were well out of her mouth, both she and Maud were fast asleep. There certainly are lots of inconveniences in being a sleeping doll! I felt very comfortable, and looked thankfully into Grandma Ellis's eyes (beautiful eyes, just like

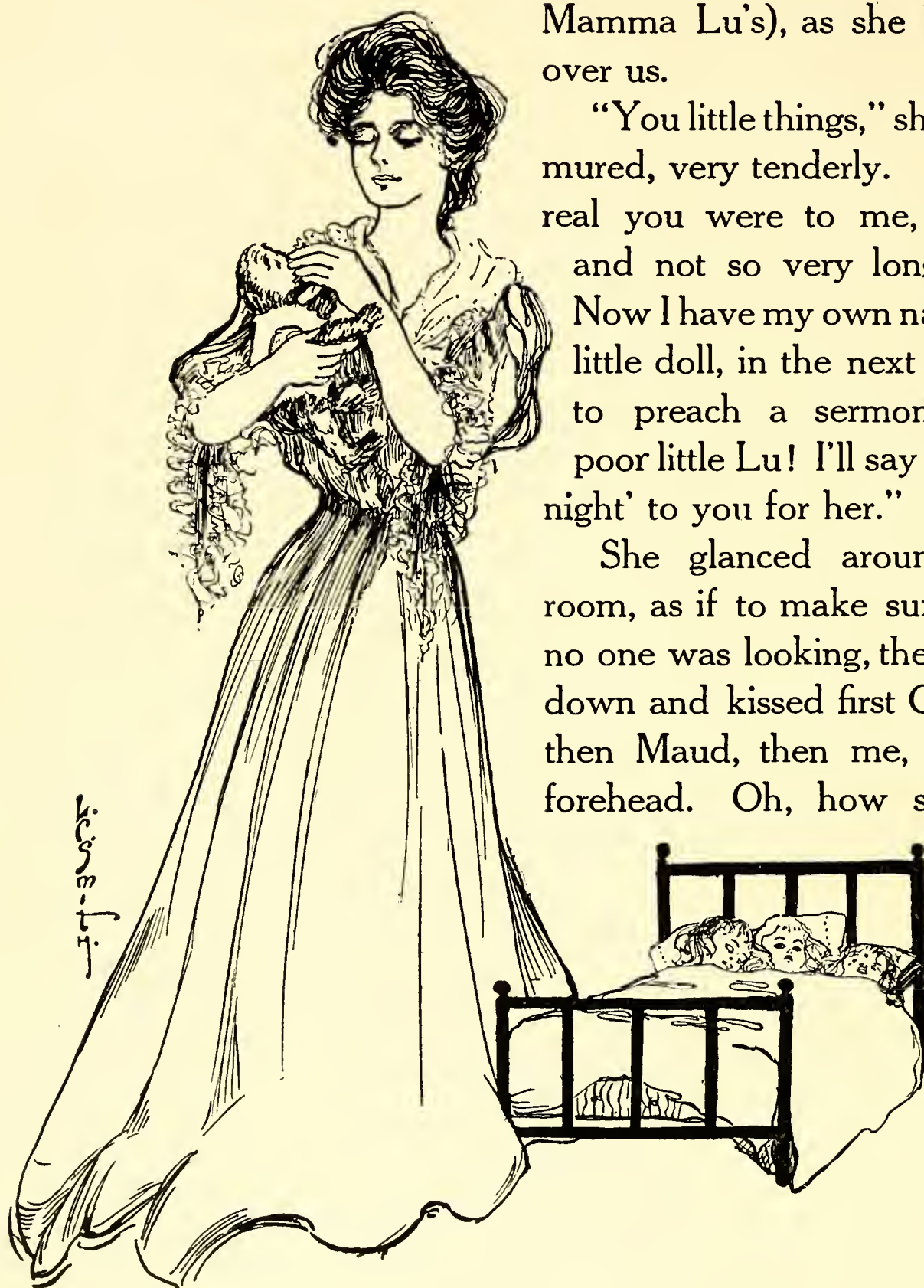


THE DIARY OF A BIRTHDAY DOLL

Mamma Lu's), as she leaned over us.

"You little things," she murmured, very tenderly. "How real you were to me, once; and not so very long ago. Now I have my own naughty little doll, in the next room, to preach a sermon to—poor little Lu! I'll say 'good-night' to you for her."

She glanced around the room, as if to make sure that no one was looking, then bent down and kissed first Gladys, then Maud, then me, on the forehead. Oh, how sorry I



FRIDAY—MY LEG IS BROKEN AND MENDED

was that they weren't awake, to appreciate it—a real lady's kiss, think of that! She straightened herself, half laughing, then stooped again.

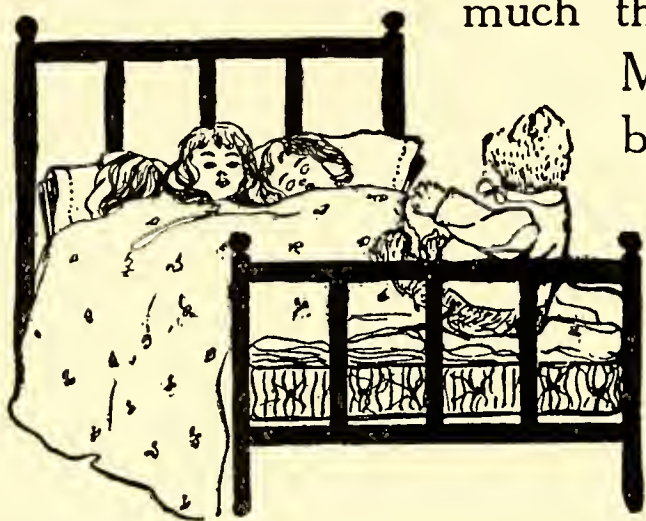
“Something under the bed—what is it, I wonder?” I heard her murmur, and when I looked up she was holding Teddy in her arms.

“You poor little fellow!” she said, smoothing his pink nose (it was made of velvet, I found out later); “all by yourself under the bed. There!” and she placed him gently on the quilt, right next to ME. “Now, good-night, all of you!” She waved her hand to us, laughingly, and then there was the sweetest expression in her blue eyes. No, Grandma Ellis, I wasn't afraid; I could tell that you wouldn't be too strict with Mamma Lu.

The door closed behind her. “Now, who's going to speak first?” I wondered, very much excited, I think, and was just about to breathe, “How do you do, Teddy?” when he said, with an admiring growl, “A sweet lady, that,” and, of course, the ice was broken. No, I cannot say that I regret my accident. We've had a delightful talk and I've a dear good friend. And Teddy isn't one to make friends with everybody, either. For instance, he's told me that he never will be able to make up with Maud and Gladys. “Too stuck-up,

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they are, for me," he said. "I don't like that kind." I tried to tell him that he was mistaken, that they were dear, sweet girls, and very much interested in him; but he just said, "No, no!" and wouldn't listen. I'm afraid they must have said something slighting about him, when he first came. I do believe he's a little obstinate and proud; but he has no other faults, and down deep in my heart, though I know it's selfish, I don't mind very



much that he doesn't care for Maud and Gladys. They've been petted and kissed and happy all their lives; they've never been scolded and whipped, and had accidents before they were complete, and broken legs! and I can't

help thinking that it would be only fair for somebody to like me, too.

Ted said that he never would answer when I called, because he thought that I was most likely proud and vain, like Maud and Gladys, and was only making fun of him. "They're not a bit, you naughty boy," I told him, very glad he didn't know the rag dolls. He'd have been crazy over them, they're so jolly; and I do

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want him to like me best. When he saw that Mamma Lu seemed very stern to me, he just got interested. He doesn't know, to this day, why Mamma Lu locked him in the trunk. "Just a caprice," he said. Sometimes his language is beautiful. I was right. He does know what becomes of Mamma Lu's broken-down children. I was asking him about the trunk, when he told me.

"It's an awful place, that trunk is," he said. "I was sick for a week when I got there. The sights you see and the sad stories you hear are enough to make your fur stand on end."

"Tell me some," I breathed eagerly; "I love to hear sad stories."

"No, no, Dolly, I won't. I don't believe in making girls sad. But you can imagine! In that trunk," and his deep voice chilled me, "lie the legs and heads and arms of all the dolls that Mamma Lu has ever had."

"Oh," I cried, "now I know! Then that's what becomes of them." A sudden fear seized me. Maybe, to-morrow, if my leg won't stick on, Mamma Lu will take me away from everybody I love and— But I wouldn't let Teddy see what a coward I am.

"Did you see anything of an all-china doll there?" I asked. I was always interested in that china doll, I suppose because she was so delicate.

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“There was a little piece of china stuck right in a corner,” he said. “The pieces near it said it used to be part of a doll; but it never spoke, so I’m not certain. Don’t think of it any more, Dolly; I’m rather sorry I told you.”

“Oh, it doesn’t bother me,” I answered, cheerfully. “Poor things! They must miss you like anything,” and we changed the subject. But all night through, in the pauses of our conversation, and now, near morning, while Teddy’s lying perfectly quiet, next to me, as he’s been doing for the last half-hour, this thought, flashing across my mind, makes me shiver :

“Perhaps to-morrow, at this time, you’ll be locked up in the trunk, away from Gladys and Maud and Teddy, with only odds and ends of dolls for your companions. Poor, poor doll that you are! Poor, poor Dolly!”



CHAPTER VI

SATURDAY MORNING—MY MAMMA LOVES ME

“Cheep! Cheep!” “So you’re back again, are you, you darlings? Just peep through the window, and see where I am! Where else, but in Mamma Lu’s arms? Ha, ha! Now what do you think of that? And I’ve been here for over fifteen minutes, too. Oh, but I’m happy!”

“Are you angry at Mamma Lu yet, little sparrows? Please don’t be. See how happy she’s made me! And Teddy’ll tell you how sweet she is. There’s Teddy—that handsome young bear in the stylish pink overcoat. Now Teddy, you know it’s stylish. Never seen him before? He’s my very, very best friend. I hope Maud and Gladys haven’t heard me.”

There! Mamma Lu is hiding my face under her chin, just the way I used to want her too, so I can’t see those cute sparrows any more, to tell them how happy I am. But I can tell myself, over and over again.

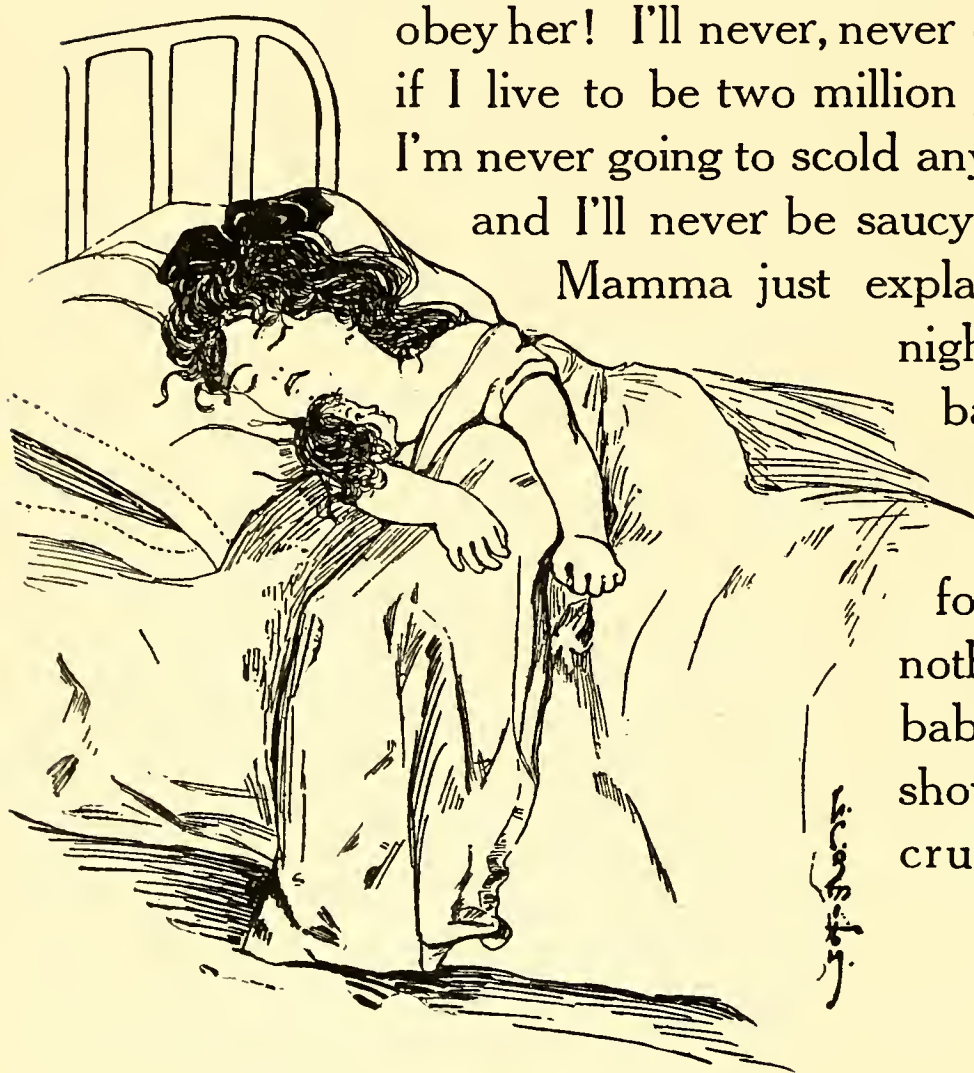
I was afraid all last night that I’d be put in that horrid box, wasn’t I? Oh, what a joke! Instead of that, ha, ha! early this morning Mamma Lu, still in

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her nighty, came running into my room, picked me up in her arms, and carried me off to her own dear, darling bed. Oh, so warm and comfy; and lying there on her pillow, close to her, she told me the sweetest things! Only Teddy Bear is going to know what they are; only Teddy Bear. I'll tell him to-night, when the girls are asleep and can't hear.

"You poor little angel," she said; "I've been so cruel to you, so cruel. I don't see how you can forgive me, but mamma says maybe you will. I told mamma everything last night. Oh, how naughty I was to disobey her! I'll never, never chew gum again if I live to be two million years old. And I'm never going to scold anybody any more, and I'll never be saucy to nurse again.

Mamma just explained to me, last night, how cruel and bad tempered I've been to scold you all week for nothing—for nothing, you poor baby! She says it shows just as much cruelty to scold





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Oh, If I could only have talked at that moment!

SATURDAY—MY MAMMA LOVES ME

things that don't understand as to scold things that do. And you do understand; I'm sure you do, you poor darling!" (Oh, if I could only have talked at that moment!) "I've been mean to Teddy Bear too, for no reason at all; but I'm just going to change all around. But, Dolly, honest, I didn't mean to be so nasty. I was just making believe half the time; I really was.

"How's your poor, poor leg, you angel? Does it pain you very much? And Dolly, answer me just this once, and I'll never mention it any more. Did I hurt you very much Thursday—you know when? Mamma asked me last night how I would feel if she did it to me, and then I just understood how awfully cruel I'd been. Oh, Dolly, I'm so sorry and ashamed! It's just a week since I've had you, and a mighty ugly week it's been for you; but I'll make up to you for it. Honor bright, I will. You're going to stay with me till I get real grown up. I'll take such care of you, and when I am an old, old lady, I'll play with you, just as much as now.

"Poor Dolly! You dare never have a bath, mamma says. The water might open your bandages, and it's all my fault. Aren't you sorry?" Oh, dreadfully! If I'd have been one of those new-fashioned spring-dolls, I'm sure I'd have jumped for joy.

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"I haven't given you a name yet, have I? Oh, I've been cruel to you! Never mind, dear, I'll make up for it. I'll give you my mamma's name—the prettiest name that ever lived. You're my dear, darling daughter Mary!"

"Mary," I repeated, "Mary." To be quite frank, I must say I was a little disappointed. I would have preferred Rosamond, or Gwendolyn—some rich, high-sounding name like that. "Mary" does seem to me so very plain; but, of course, my mamma knows best, and it's a great compliment to be named after Grandma Ellis. Anyhow, Teddy told me, when I was back in bed, while Mamma Lu was getting dressed and eating breakfast, that he has never heard a prettier name than Mary; and Maud and Gladys (Mamma Lu woke them when she took me out of bed) oh! didn't they look astonished and say it just suits me. So I'm quite satisfied.

Ted and the girls didn't speak while I was out of the room; but when I got back, we all got real chummy. Ted can be so very polite when he wants to, and the girls are sweet.

Though it's naughty of me to wish it, I do hope that Ted keeps on liking me best, for a time anyhow, till I get real used to being loved.



MY MAMMA LOVES ME

Anyhow, here I am on Mamma Lu's lap, perfectly, perfectly happy. After breakfast, she washed my face so carefully (without soap) and put the prettiest little flowered "nighty" on me.

"My poor sick child," she said; "you have such beautiful eyes, too," and then she kissed my cheeks till Gladys cried, "You'll be as white as a sheet, soon." I do hope she isn't jealous.

Mamma Lu has been very sweet to Ted, too; and I'm so glad. She smoothed his velvet nose in the friendliest way, just before she took me on her lap and began to rock me. There's a beautiful artificial plant on the window-sill, with two gorgeous red flowers. "You're my poor sick child," said Mamma Lu when she put it up there, "and you must have flowers." Gladys and Maud say that she uses the plant sometimes as a centerpiece when she has big tea-parties, in winter. Oh my dear mamma! How about last Tuesday's tea-party, and the cough medicine, eh? But no more of that; it's not



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nice of me to think of it, and oh, Mamma Lu has promised me that I can sleep with her every single night, as soon as my bandage sticks tight! Mamma Lu just said to me, "I do believe you're going to be my favorite child, Mary," and for a second my heart stood still with delight (I think it must have got patched up somehow, in the night). Then I remembered, and I cried out loud:

"No, Mamma Lu, please don't say so! That's too much, and it wouldn't be fair to Gladys and Maud and Ted. I don't want anybody ever to feel as lonely as I have felt on account of my Mamma Lu. Please don't forget about Maud and Gladys and Ted." I hope they didn't hear her; I'm sure she didn't mean it. She's going to love us all, all, all!

I can hear the sparrows chirping in a duet.

"That's what we like to see—just such a pretty family scene. We are sure that we were mistaken last Thursday, and that this little girl before us is still the little girl we admire. Please, young Lucy, don't forget us; Spring will soon be here, and then we'll sing for you our sweetest, to show our appreciation of any little favors. There's a cracker on that table, see it? which we would thankfully accept. Please don't forget us, the Spring will soon be here." You cute little sparrows!

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Maud and Gladys are smiling at me from the bed, as I go rocking up and down, up and down. Teddy is making the most comical jokes at me; I'm so afraid I'll laugh out loud. My mamma loves me; she's whispering so into my ear, this very second. Oh, everybody is just sweet, and I'm perfectly, perfectly happy!



